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ALEX WERTH ON SOVIET WRITERS

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BRITAIN'S CRISIS IN THE MIDDLE EAST

Abadan .. Suez .. The Sudan .. Glubb - one by one the milestones are chalked off in Britain's imperial egress from the Middle East. Once again in 1956, as at regular intervals since 1945, Britain is face to face with the recurring crisis of colonial revolution. For it is the revolt of Arab nationalism against imperial paternalism — and not Soviet diplomacy or the existence of Israel — which is the basic factor in the collapse of British hegemony in the Middle East.

The dismissal of General Glubb is of importance not merely because it is a blow to British prestige: as Mr. Gaitskell has observed, prestige is mainly important as an ally to policy. The significance of the Glubb incident is that it marks, for those who can read it, a total collapse of Foreign Office policy. Israel, Cyprus, Iraq, the Persian Gulf - the British attitude to them all must now be revised in the light of the new situation created by the coup in Jordan.

Of all these problems the first is that of Israel; not because it is in itself fundamental to the British position in the Middle East, but because it is urgent in time and dangerous in content. War can start — and start soon — on the Israeli frontier; and the dismissal of General Glubb, with its consequent weakening of Britain's influence on the Arab Legion, considerably increases its likelihood.

What then is Britain to do, in an effort to avert the catastrophe of a general Arab attack on Israel? Since last week's parliamentary debate; each of the political parties has committed itself to a partisan view; and neither, in our opinion, has fully faced the difficulties. The government, on the one hand, bases its policy on the Tripartite Declaration of 1950 and refuses to increase the supply of arms to Israel, on the ground that the Czech-Egyptian arms deal has not fundamentally altered the balance of strength. The opposition is demanding for Israel immediate access to Centurion tanks and modern fighters, coupled with a treaty of alliance similar in terms to that which still exists between this country and Jordan.

Of these two policies, that of the government is much the further from making sense. Mr. Gaitskell was fully justified when he remarked in the Commons that it reminded him of the non-intervention agreement in Spain. The danger to Israel — and conversely the temptation to Egypt and Jordan — is that, while Israel lacks the most modern defensive weapons, a blitzkreig might be successfully launched on her before the precise terms of the Tripartite Declaration could be effectively invoked. War is thus less likely if Israel is supplied with up-to-date arms, and the Labour Party is correct in urging that Israel must now have them.

Whether Labour is equally wise to commit itself to support for a bi-lateral treaty is doubtful. Mr. Gaitskell is rightly apprehensive of the vagueness of the Tripartite Declaration; but the military and logistic difficulties of committing Britain to a full-scale treaty of alliance are very great. The problem is not so much the undesirability of guaranteeing a frontier which has not yet been formally established — on this the government's arguments are somewhat disingenuous — but the military problem of assembling and delivering the necessary force if the treaty should ever be invoked.

Does the Labour Party, for instance rely on the Cyprus base? Until now the Greeks have always assured Britain of its availability, even under Enosis. Now that the policy of negotiating with the Cypriots has given way to a straight military repression, it may well be doubted whether support for Cypriot freedom is compatible with the use of Cyprus as a springboard for offensive operations against an aggressor. If it is not, what would be the alternative? Or does the Labour Party believe that a naval operation alone would be adequate? And if so, is sufficient naval strength available in the eastern Mediterranean? Does Mr. Gaitskell even feel sure that the British public would back him in going to war - probably without the endorsement of the U.N. — in defence of

Israel? None of these questions has been clearly answered by Labour spokesmen. The examples of both Czechoslovakia and Poland in 1939 may still serve as reminders to both this country and Israel of the real dangers of ill-considered guarantees.

We have, moreover, no confidence that a treaty of alliance between Britain and Israel, which did not involve the U.S., would prove an effective deterrent to Egypt. The great advantage of the Tripartite Declaration is that, despite the imprecision of its terms, it commits the U.S. equally with Britain. The best chance of preventing the Arabs from invading Israel is to make it clear to them that, if they do, Anglo-American military force will act instantly in Israel's defence.

But where does America now stand? U.S. influence was perhaps the greatest single factor in establishing the state of Israel; and an unspecified obligation on the U.S. to come to Israel's defence in the event of aggression has usually been assumed. Is this assumption now justified? Recent movements of U.S. forces in the eastern Mediterranean suggest that it may be. On the other hand, Mr. Dulles is as keen as Sir Anthony Eden to win Arab favours in the political struggle for oil. There is in fact a real ambivalence about the long-range objectives of U.S. policy. If America is now prepared to join Britain in ensuring the defence of Israel, that should be clearly understood by British, Israelis and Arabs alike. If, on the other hand, the Americans are not prepared to take military action, that fact equally should be known.

It should not be beyond the power of Britain to extract the necessary clarification of U.S. policy. The presidential election campaign is now starting in the U.S.; and British diplomacy, resolutely conducted, can in this particular year put the administration on the spot over Israel. The immediate task is to manoeuvre the President into removing the ambiguities of the Tripartite Declaration. This is what Sir Anthony Eden tried and failed to do in the Washington talks. Both the urgency and the opportunity are greater to-day than they were then.

At the same time the imminent visit to London of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Krushchev gives Sir Anthony a unique opportunity for an exchange of views on the Middle East. Nor should the value of such talks be written off in advance. Soviet policy clearly aims at disrupting Anglo-American relations as well as undermining western strategy. But there is not the slightest evidence that Russia desires a Middle Eastern war; and the chances of an understanding with the U.S.S.R. over the existence of Israel would be greatly increased once Britain and the U.S. spoke out with a single unequivocal voice.

II—Death to the Sacred Cow

From the narrower, but more urgent, issue of Israel let us turn now to the long term consequences of Glubb's dismissal. In a very real sense it may mark the final breaking point in the slender mesh of British power throughout the Middle East. Despite King Hussein's refusal to obey Nasser's summons to Cairo - and despite his protestations of friendship to Britain - his sacking of Glubb at the behest of Egypt and Saudi Arabia may signify the end of the struggle between the Hashemites and the Saudis, in which we have backed the Hashemites. If the Saudis have triumphed in Jordan, as seems likely, it can be only a matter of time before King Feisal of Iraq, the other Hashemite ruler, draws his own conclusions and comes to terms also. That would mean the end of Britain's privileged position in Iraq, and the end of the I.P.C., our most important remaining physical asset in the area. The chain-reaction would not stop in Baghdad, but would spread rapidly to those other enemies of the Saudis - the British protected sheikdoms of the Persian Gulf. And it would be wishful thinking to suppose that the British officers who run the Trucial Levies, or the Muscat and Oman Field Force, will succeed where General Glubb failed.

It is idle, at this late date, to speculate on whether, or how, we could have maintained our Middle Eastern empire. Possibly if we had been prepared to withdraw more rapidly, and with better grace, we might have retained more influence over our ex-proteges, and some of our privileges. Certainly, as experience elsewhere shows, we should have gained nothing, and lost much, by standing and fighting the emergent nationalist forces. In the western sector of the Arab world, the French, having chosen the solution of the Suez Group, are being forced to withdraw at roughly the same rate, and at infinitely greater cost in blood, treasure and prestige. And in the Far East also, where America has opted for the military alternative, her colossal arms expenditure, her fleets and atom bombers, her recurrent displays of force have brought her only a few corrupt and crumbling footholds on the Asian periphery - and the deep-rooted hatred of the great Asian land-masses. By contrast, British policy in the Middle East since the war, though clumsy and short-sighted, has avoided the ultimate errors; and our withdrawal, if undignified, has at least been peaceable.

To hold a post-mortem, therefore, is profitless. What we must now do is to assess the extent of the damage, and draw the logical conclusions. We must, first of all, recognise that the collapse of British power in Jordan - the last Middle Eastern base in which Britain disposes a mobile striking force - means that the liquidation of our oil interests is inevitable and imminent. The Egyptian government, with a certain amount of help from Iron Curtain countries, is now systematically training oil technicians who will take over when I.P.C. and its affiliates are dispossessed. This deliberate policy, already in an advanced stage will in the long run enable Egypt and her allies to break the stranglehold which the international oil cartel has always held over the Middle East; unlike Persia, they may be able to expel us with impunity. Provided we keep our heads, however, there is little risk that our indispensable supplies of Middle Eastern oil will be cut off - at least in the next few years. We shall continue to get our oil; but we shall probably cease to be able to pay for it in sterling. The consequences of this on our balance of payments will be incalculable. The built-in disequilibrium in our overseas trading which, despite our most strenuous efforts, we have never succeeded in eliminating, will topple over into a permanent and bottomless deficit; and, by comparison, our present crisis, serious though it is, will seem of minor importance.

Britain's standard of living, her welfare society, her status as an advanced industrial nation, is therefore imperilled. Our future would, indeed, look sombre if we examine the situation in the Middle East in isolation. But events, moving so swiftly in Amman and Cairo, are also on the march elsewhere. The icy mask of the cold war is melting. Last month, the Soviet Party Congress formally announced the transition of Communism from a militaristic to a competitive society; and the West, though reluctantly and unsystematically, is also changing. The decade of Atlantic unity, of military pacts and rearmament, is over. "Western defence", the catch-word used for so long to end all arguments without appeal, is losing its currency. M. Pineau's speech - and its enthusiastic reception in France - the steady erosion of the Adenauer system in Germany, the "opening to the left" in Italy, are signs of impending change. The Great Wall which, since 1948, we have attempted to build against the eastern hordes, is being abandoned half completed. General Gruenther now openly admits that SHAPE is a failure, though a fabulously costly one; the grandiose conception of SEATO has been reduced to a ludicrous naval manoeuvre in the Gulf of Siam; and the fatal Baghdad Pact, we are now assured, is mainly "an organisation for economic co-operation." The West, despite assurances to the contrary, is disarming. It has discovered that effective defence is beyond its means, and it is now refusing to bankrupt itself for the sake of security against a hypothetical aggressor.

Unfortunately, western statesmen, though aware of, indeed parties to, this process, have been less frank than their Soviet colleagues, less inclined to disavow openly the cherished formulae of an earlier epoch. The change-over is

taking place, but in a piecemeal and furtive manner. And nowhere are the contradictions in defence policy more blatant and costly than in Britain. Ever since the Gaitskell rearmament budget, defence costs have been stabilised at about £1,500 million a year. Meanwhile, the cost of weapons has soared into astronomic heights. Yet this apparently arbitrarily-selected figure remains. Nobody bothers to pretend any longer that it can buy us adequate defence. But no government can afford to increase it; and none dares to reduce it. We still continue to spend £1,500 million every year, as though this sum had been laid down by some immutable law of Moses. It has become the great untouchable, the Sacred Cow of British budgetary policy, a privileged creature allowed to tramble at will over our economic future. This year's defence debate, conducted on an appropriate note of levity by Sir Walter Monckton and Mr. Stokes, raises a grotesque image of obsolete prototypes, aircraft carriers without aircraft and a horde of surplus generals dancing a merry fandango round the unfortunate British taxpayer.

The annual defence pantomime, however, cannot go on much longer. Glubb's expulsion, followed, as it must inevitably be, by the loss of our Middle Eastern oil empire, has set a term to the comedy. The Sacred Cow has been condemned to death at last; and there is every reason why sentence should be carried out immediately. If we can reduce defence expenditure now, if we can release our faltering economy from this crushing straitjacket, there is at least a possibility that we shall be able to meet the coming crisis with some chance of survival. But from this an important consequence follows. Britain will now, for the first time, be forced to take disarmament seriously. In the past, we have left the French to make the running and have contented ourselves with playing the game of cold war poker-propaganda. Now, however, we are under real economic compulsion to reach an agreement. When the U.N. Disarmament Sub-committee meets in London next week, we shall be negotiating not only for an abstract ideal, but for Britain's material future.

WESTMINSTER

THE SEA RISES HIGHER

The prestige of governments can rise, fall and rise again at least as quickly as the popularity of a T.V. star; so it would be unwise to believe that the present government will never swoop, or even climb, from the depths in which it finds itself. But one can say that it faces more and greater difficulties than any British government in this century and that it is less well equipped to deal with them than any government in this century, with the possible exceptions of the Balfour administration of 1901-05 and the two Labour minority administrations of 1924 and 1929.

Neither Asquith nor Lloyd George had to tackle as many serious peacetime problems as those which press on Sir Anthony Eden's drooping shoulders. It is no help that some of these problems are not the government's fault. It is a serious handicap both that there are so many passengers in the cabinet, and that even able ministers like Harold Macmillan are so far prevented by divisions inside the Conservative Party from fully practising the policies in which they believe.

It is still just possible that the government may get a settlement which allows Britain to remain in Cyprus without involving us in continuous bloodshed. But because the government dare not fire the Waterhouse-Amery Suez group into open revolt, the probability is that British soldiers in Cyprus will be forced to kill and be killed indefinitely, while what remains of our prestige among "uncommitted" nations is transformed into hate. This is already happening at the very moment when the change of line in Moscow is making Russia a much more formidable competitor for the goodwill of these nations.

The government's dilemma in the Middle East as a whole is even worse than it is in Cyprus. For, though the semi-colonial tutelage through which for more than half a century we have preserved our essential supplies of oil has now been Glubbed, the government showed in last week's debate that it was unable to commit itself to either of the alternatives offered it.

Despite their inaudibility and lack of precision, it was clear that Waterhouse and the right-wing Tories want to preserve our oil supplies by force. Gaitskell, in much the most effective speech of his parliamentary career, rejected both force, except in defence of Israel, and semi-colonialism and suggested that we should get our oil in future through normal commercial agreements. But Eden remained indecisive and, under the mounting barrage from the opposition, became ill-tempered and petty. His complete parliamentary failure, on one of the few subjects about which it was still assumed he would speak with authority, will have further stimulated the Eden Must Go campaign. But the government needs more than a new leader. It needs a new leadership.

At home Mr. Macmillan's financial measures have been too half-hearted to satisfy the purists in his own party but have yet managed to infuriate bank managers, who find themselves forced to do a credit restriction job which, they feel, should be done by the government, and small traders, who invested in success and now find themselves nearing bankruptcy. Both these groups are normally Conservative supporters.

Further, the short time and unemployment, which, for electoral reasons if no other, the Chancellor wishes to keep within bounds, seems in danger of getting out of hand. It may be wise to restrict the output of private cars at the present time, but obviously a reduction in car output at, say, the Standard works, quickly affects production of motor car bodies at, say, Fisher and Ludlow's; and both quickly affect whole sections of the engineering industry. This would matter less, if other necessary work were being made available; but the government is at present inhibited from trying to provide this by its distaste for direction and physical controls. So enterprise may be allowed freely to run down and a nationwide slumplet may quite possibly be substituted for a balance of payments crisis.

Superimposed on all these governmental, political and parliamentary troubles is trade union trouble which is not of the government's making. Increasingly, industrial disputes are arising, not because of disagreements between union and employers, but because of disagreements between union and union. The last railway strike was one example. The present printing dispute is another. It is not possible for employers indefinitely to grant increases to skilled men, to restore their differentials, if at once the semi-skilled and unskilled put in demands to narrow the differential again. This practice can lead first to loss of competitive power and then to bankruptcy; and it is spreading. But it is hard to see what any government can do about it. It is not the government's job, for example, to foster the industrial unions which could sort out such domestic problems within their own ranks.

It may be that on all this darkness light may suddenly break; that, for example, in Harold Macmillan the Conservatives may find a gimmick to save their show. But a gimmick cannot save a show which is fundamentally weak; and the weaknesses of the Tory show seem too great for rescue, even by Sabrina.

J.P.W. MALLALIEU

A CORRECTION

Last week we published a dispatch from our Bonn Correspondent which contained the phrase: "Dr. Adenauer's own Secretary of State, Herr Globke, who under Hitler drafted the infamous Nuremberg racial laws". This statement was incorrect, and the phrase should have read: "... Herr Globke, who wrote the authoritative commentary on the infamous Nuremberg racial laws." We regret our error.

Mr Faulkner's Gambit

How serious is the talk of a new civil war in the United States? Most readers of William Faulkner's remarkable interview in the "Sunday Times" must have been shocked by his statement that the South was "back in the spirit of 1860" and was ready to fight if it was forced to accept desegregation. If this comment had come from a less enlightened and distinguished Southerner, it would have been dismissed as absurd. In fact, it is absurd, but the tragedy of the South is precisely this failure to understand that its threatened rebellion is both ludicrous and impossible. Faulkner may see himself ready to "fight for Mississippi against the United States, even if it meant going out in the street and shooting Negroes". But this is the heroic nonsense of a cause that is lost long before anyone picks up a sporting rifle to defy the United States.

For the new rebels cannot even call the roll of a united Confederacy. Only five states propose to "interpose" (the fancy name for nullification) new laws between their citizens and the Supreme Court decisions against segregation; and even in these states there are many individuals and even whole communities which are willing to move, however grudgingly, towards the equality on which the Court insists. For every position that is being defended with threats of defiance and even violence, ten are being surrendered without a struggle. How, for instance, can Louisiana effectively maintain segregation in its schools when Archbishop Rummel of New Orleans tells his flock that it is a sinful denial of the unity of the human race and that he proposes to integrate the parochial schools which are attended by more than a third of the city's children? How long can Montgomery keep up a Jim Crow bus service, when a Negro boycott can bankrupt its transport system - and when other towns in Alabama have already permitted Negro and white to sit alongside each other?

Faulkner may correctly report that his fellow-Southerners feel that this is 1860. But only the feeling survives: the old South has gone. I have myself visited Southern homes where it seemed that Stonewall Jackson yet lived and that the son of the house was raiding up the Shenandoah with General Forrest. But it is nearly a century since Lee surrendered at Appomattox, and it needs more than a romantic memory to spark off an effective rebellion. The South no longer has a unifying regional economic interest that drives it towards an irrepressible conflict with the rest of the Union. On the contrary, it is being industrialised faster than any other part of the United States. It is losing its Negroes to the north, and getting white settlers in exchange - so that there are only a few counties in which Negroes are now a majority. It is better educated, more prosperous, more ambitious than at any time in its history. Its white and Negro boys live, eat and sleep together in the desegregated armed services; it has indeed already accepted a substantial measure of equality in transport facilities, higher education and other social amenities. For all these reasons, it has lost the present struggle. It can only fight a bitter rearguard action.

The real lesson of William Faulkner's statement, however, is that defiance of the Supreme Court may be supported by many Southern whites who disagree with the bigots and the demagogues and believe that the South's position is untenable. Robert E. Lee thought that Lincoln was right, yet he had to accept Virginia's decision to secede. Faulkner is convinced that Mississippi is wrong, but he declares that he will fight for it against the United States. For in 1860 the real tie that knit together the Confederacy was states rights, not the defence of slavery. And the danger to-day is that the same issue may rally Southern opinion, which is prepared to accept integration provided that it comes gradually and without drastic upheaval of traditional relations. The South wants to be wooed, not raped. It wants time to adjust itself to its social revolution. And there are many in the South who feel that the "political" decision of nine men in Washington has set off a Negro offensive - led by the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People - which is liable to coerce Southern opinion beyond the point of endurance. Anything may then happen, for there is no rational defence of segregation, and the South will fall back into the irrationalism of the rebel yell, the Stars and Bars, and the Citizens' Councils which are a polite revival of the Klu Klux Klan. If there is any violence, or even widespread defiance of the law, the federal authorities will then have the unenviable choice of letting the Supreme Court fall into contempt, or of using force to reassert its powers.

That choice is what the diehards desire to force on the United States (there may be diehards in the north, too, who want to take advantage of the favourable mood of the Court); and that is what the Court itself hoped to avoid when it refused to set any date by which integration has to be carried through.* This raises a nice question of tactics. In the long run, the Negro is going to win, and the counter-revolution will fail. But how long need the run be? And how much damage can be done in the South by embittered struggle in the last ditch? It is very tempting for anyone who has strong moral feelings on this issue to dismiss all Southern objections as so much special pleading, to urge that the Court and the federal government stand no nonsense. The further South one goes, the more the dilemma of coercion and conscience asserts itself. Certainly, the pressure should be sustained. For prejudice has so many entrenched positions that can be turned only by resort to law. But, equally, it is important that the writ of the law should still be effective.

Whatever William Faulkner may feel, living as he does on a Mississippi plantation, there is no sign that anyone outside the South is thinking in terms of answering his gambit by moving the army on to the Southern chessboard. It could, conceivably, come to that somewhere, sometime. But, for the moment, the challenge is political - and though it strikes at the fundamentals of a federal society, the rest of the country has so far wisely refused to take up the challenge on the tricky issue of states' rights.

This issue, however, may have to be faced in the coming campaign. It has already pushed the anti-Communist circus out of the arena: the Southern politicians are now making a much more serious attack on the constitution than was ever made by Marxist schoolmasters accused of conspiring to teach others how to overthrow it. And it is unlikely that the diehards in the South will make much headway with their attempt to link the Negro offensive to Communism. No, the problem for both the main parties is how to avoid being caught in the cross-fire of the Negroes and South - and it is a peculiarly difficult problem for the Democrats. If their northern wing drives the party too hard, there may be another Dixiecrat rebellion as there was in 1948. If the Democrats are too cautious, on the other hand, the attempt to hold the party together may lose them enough Negro votes in New York, Illinois and California to ruin whatever chances they have of beating President Eisenhower.

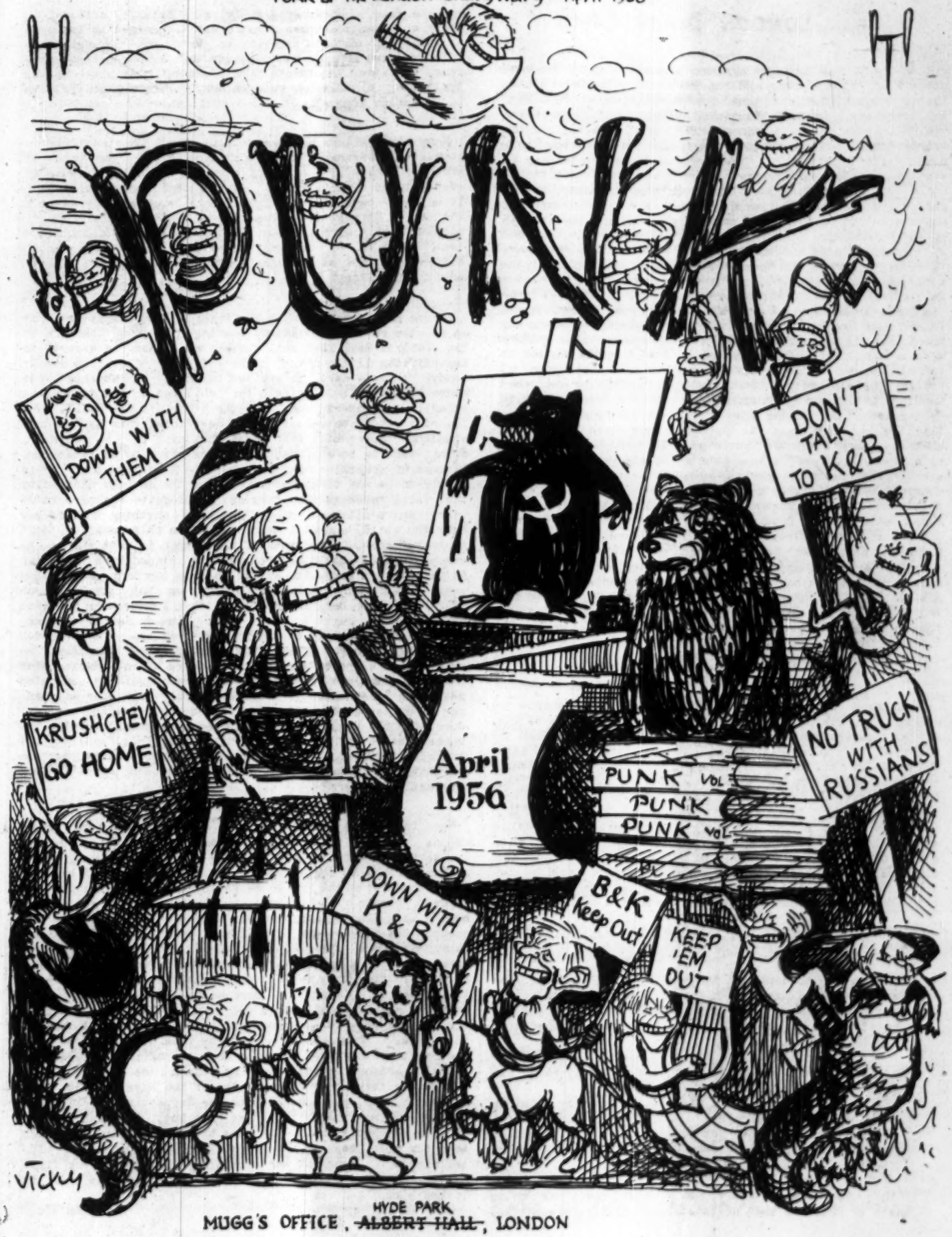
Because the Republicans regard any votes in the South as a windfall, they are not faced with the same dilemma. The President can afford to be outspoken about civil rights: he may even give himself the tactical pleasure of asking the present Congress, which is controlled by Democrats, to declare itself on enforcement - and then watch the embarrassed efforts of his opponents to conceal a deep split in their party. But, because he is President, he cannot go too far. He, too, has to decide when to stand firm, and when to ignore the thunder coming up from the South. What Myrdal called the "American dilemma" is now no longer one of principle: it is a question of tactics and timing: of driving the South on, but always stopping short before the hot wind of secession whips too strongly across the graveyards of the Confederacy.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

LONDON PRINTING DISPUTE

We must continue to ask the indulgence of readers for any shortcomings resulting from the dispute which has closed printing houses in the London area.

PUNK or the London Charivari – April 1956



MUGG'S OFFICE, ~~ALBERT HALL~~ HYDE PARK, LONDON

LONDON DIARY

Even if all the charges against Makarios could be substantiated it would be mad for the British to deport him, leaving themselves no channel for negotiation. No doubt the sprawling, sparsely furnished group of buildings called the Palace in which so many journalists have visited the Archbishop recently, contained evidence that Makarios "connived" with terrorism. Like other nationalist leaders in similar cases his entourage certainly included terrorists, who used his Palace to distribute leaflets; no doubt he regarded the violent wing as a necessary part of the movement whose combined pressure was necessary to persuade the British to accept Enosis. People "rightly struggling to be free" do in fact turn to violence when long years of argument have failed and they regard those whom we call terrorists as patriots and heroes. It is untrue that Makarios refused a fair offer of self-government and self-determination. Negotiations broke down because the British were content that, in spite of Greek assurances about the security of the base, Enosis would in fact be the end of British control. They were convinced of the insincerity of Makarios, who wanted to get his own way by negotiation, just as he was convinced of British insincerity in offering self-determination while demanding, for instance, continued control of internal security. We are now at a familiar stage which everywhere ends in humiliation. After more British boys have been stabbed and shot and many patriotic Cypriots jailed and hanged; after we have turned Greece into a country of enemies, with unforseeable international results, the choice will still be to continue naked military despotism or to concede less favourable terms than Makarios was prepared to accept. It is symptomatic of the mood now spreading among British Conservatives that the "Sunday Times", usually careful and well-informed, should comment last Sunday on Cyprus as part of the "struggle to defend our world against militant Communism". Yet there has been no fight against militant Communism in Cyprus; Eoka, which has so far been responsible for terrorism, is an extreme right-wing body whose politics for Cyprus strangely resemble those which the "Sunday Times" favours there - Conservative, anti-Communist government maintained by force.

Even those who hold fast to the belief that somehow or other, in spite of all the evidence, British methods of law and justice are still decent in Kenya, have been shocked by a letter from a Rehabilitation Officer which has come into the hands of Mr. Fenner Brockway. This letter is written to a Mrs. Mary Klopper, who is the wife of a member of the Department of Medical Research at Edinburgh University; and it appears from this letter that she is a friend of Mr. Achieng, who is a former secretary of the Kenya African Union and one of the men who was tried with Jomo Kenyatta on a charge of organising and managing Mau Mau. Mr. Achieng was originally convicted; but the conviction was quashed by the Appeal Court on the grounds that there was no evidence against him. He has been kept in detention ever since his acquittal. Now note the terms of the official's letter to Mrs. Klopper. He asks if, as a friend of Mr. Achieng, she could "influence him to change his attitude", and goes on:

> ...There is no doubt in the mind of every official concerned with his case that he is deeply involved in the Mau Mau business. It is therefore pathetic to see how he struggles against all odds to gain his freedom by complete denial.
>
> His family suffers and lives in poverty. He would be advised to put his duty towards his family above his imagined duty as a leader of a tribe.
>
> I am of course not in a position to make any promises or to enter any bargain. But it is my considered opinion that he cannot get release for a very long time to come unless he decides to make a full confession first.

If this is the whole story, no comment would seem to me adequate to describe the degradation of justice exemplified in this case. Here, apparently, is a colonial official in Kenya who simply assumes that a man discharged as innocent is guilty. He then attempts to get at him through his relatives and friends and suggests that if he does not confess he faces indefinite imprisonment. If that is the truth what divides our rule in Kenya from any non-British totalitarian regime?

Many kind things have been said about the singularly unobtrusive anniversary of the marriage of the "New Statesman" and "The Nation". A few of them appear in the correspondence columns of this issue. But a compliment I particularly enjoyed came from a high official who scarcely meant to flatter. Soon after the sacking of Glubb Pasha and the explosive speech of M. Pineau, he said to me: "We don't mind the N.S. & N. prophesying correctly about events in the Middle East, but we do object when a French Foreign Minister adopts its policy".

I have much sympathy with Mr. Evans of Hammersmith who got up at the recent rumbustious meeting of London teachers at the Central Hall and said that he would not "be a party to any piffling little thing" like refusing to collect dinner money. It is hard to see how teachers can advance their cause by making it difficult for children to eat dinners at school, particularly when only the other day the N.U.T. published a report on school meals describing them as "an outstanding opportunity for social training". But when Mr. Evans went on to say that "If we are going to do something, it must be something that will hurt", I suspect that he is likely to be the first casualty. For the obvious difficulty that faces teachers when they are (and quite rightly, in my view) in a militant mood, is that anything they do may hurt the child, and will then, truly on this occasion, hurt them even more. The truth of the matter is that the teaching profession should never have been placed in a financial situation that goads it out of desperation into considering such pettifogging forms of protest or into uttering such wild remarks. Not, incidentally, that I have ever believed that teachers ought to waste their time on menial chores, however outstandingly educative they may be. I have been wondering whether, apart from paying them decently, we mightn't do a great service to teachers by introducing over here the Michigan scheme of enrolling carefully selected adults as "teacher-aides", who apparently take over all manner of duties like collecting milk money, keeping records, operating the movie projector or the gramophone, helping absentees catch up and handling visitors. In fact, why not introduce mothers into schools in order to relieve teachers of that most exhausting of ordeals, handling embattled and protesting mothers?

When the sun at last shone down over the Downs the grass was as brown as it ought to be after a scorching August. The gardening expert down the lane told me that many evergreens were burnt that he had never seen browned off before. In another fortnight or so we shall know how many apparently dead plants will again start shooting. It was odd to hear a lark singing its head off in a blue sky, while on the ground the only colour came from a patch of half-hearted snowdrops and a sprinkling of winter aconites. March was here, but not a crocus was out and the daffodil spears were no taller than they were before Christmas. Now they will be coming up quicker than snow melts - much quicker than printers resolve their disputes. On that matter my fingers are getting sore with being kept crossed. I must consult the omens. Punctually the pair of wild ducks arrived last week on the dirty pool of water near the office. (Strange how slow London is clearing up after the Blitz!) They stayed, as they do every year, one or two days and then flew off north - or, as I suspect, to the Serpentine. This year some nasty boys began to chase them but, I'm glad to say, got chased themselves. And now the pigeons have come back to their usual nest in the crook of the tree outside my office window. I caught her carefully turning over her first egg; she seemed anxious to see what the other side of it looked like.

CRITIC

Revised Recessional

God of the Empire, Lord of Trade,
Divinity of bloody deeds,
(Beneath whose tribal flag we made
A packet from a string of beads)
Britannomorphic to the dot,
Lest we forgot, lest we forgot -

The tumult and the shouting rise,
The rim moves faster than the hub;
The Lesser Breeds now criticise
And they are glib - but where is Glubb?
Lord of our far-flung shares and stocks,
We're on the rocks, we're on the rocks!

Because the Cypriots hate our guts
The radio war is on with Greece -
Surely the M.C.C. were nuts
In Pakistan to break the peace?
The Pak is just a Wog - and yet
We did regret, we did regret.....

For morons who have long destroyed
Such credit as we once possessed,
For blunders now by Lennox-Boyd,
The Foreign Office and the rest,
For foolish words and actions mean
We need - a God from the Machine.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Much thought has been put into the design of a new bus shelter at Blackpool Sands, near Dartmouth, to keep it in harmony with its surroundings.

In that, it resembles a nearby public convenience which was built by the Blackpool Estate in 1949 in the style of a traditional Devon cottage.

On the convenience roof is a belfry which belonged to King Henry VIII and stood on the stables of his hunting lodge at Highgate.

The lich gate over the turnstile is a reproduction of one over the entrance to an old church in the district.

"Western Morning News". (R. Phillips)

I agree with Sir Beverley Baxter's suggestion that we should drop the word "colonies" and find another word that will mitigate, if not eliminate, the servile feeling induced by the word colony.

The alternative must convey a proud sense of belonging to the Commonwealth family, in the best drawing-room manner, and I can think of nothing better than the addition of either "shire" or "share" to the names of all our dependencies, for example, Maltashire, Nigeriashire, etc.

Letter in "Everybody's". (A.M. Abraham)

The Embassy Marriage Bureau is one of the most exclusive in the world.

It caters only for "blue-blood" families - and it is doing a roaring trade, I learned when I called there last week.

Blonde and vivacious Mrs. Margot Chambers, a former nurse runs it .... Working wenches need not apply, says Mrs. Chambers, "I will not accept chorus girls, film actresses or models. My rule is "Thoroughbreds Only".

"Sunday Pictorial". (J.A. Ewart)

Pierrepoint was a boy of 12 when he first discovered that his father was the public executioner. What was the effect of this sudden knowledge?

It was that young Pierrepoint conceived a new ambition - to follow in his father's footsteps.

"Empire News". (E.L. Black)

Writers at the Party Congress

If on the surface, at any rate, there was unanimity among the Soviet leaders on the main political and economic issues raised at the 20th Congress of the Communist Party, the same does not apply to the Congress as a whole on a secondary issue like literature. Krushchev (closely following the wording of the "directives" published a few days before) made only a brief, but significant reference to literature:

> The art and literature of our country must endeavour to be the first in the world, not only for their wealth of content, but for their artistic quality and power.

Whereupon he launched a pointed attack on the "mediocre, colourless and hasty" works produced in the USSR in recent years. And if there was a clash at the Congress, it was not so much among the political leaders, as between the two representatives of Soviet literature who had been called upon to speak. One of them, the popular poet Alexei Surkov, representing the "old guard" and the bureaucracy of the Writers' Union, tried, as best he could, to praise the work of Soviet writers in recent years; while, on the other hand, Mikhail Sholokhov (of "Quiet Flows the Don") let loose a ferocious attack on the whole "organisation" of literature in the Soviet Union. There were, he recalled, over 3,500 "registered authors" in the country, but most of them, like the serfs belonging to Gogol's hero, were nothing but "dead souls". Judged from the reactions, as recorded in the shorthand reports of the Congress, Surkov's speech received merely polite and thin applause at the very end; but Sholokhov's speech, on the contrary, was interspersed with "hilarity", "loud cheers" and "laughter"!

All the same, one ought to distinguish between the substance of his speech and the fact that it was he who should have been called upon to contribute the principal "literary" speech at the Congress. The speech itself wasn't all that heterodox, - far from it. He even went so far as to say that if Soviet literature was "still at the head of world literature", it was thanks to the Communist Party and thanks to the fact that, despite all the mistakes made by Soviet writers, this literature still continued to carry on propaganda "in favour of the victorious creed of Communism, the supreme hope of mankind".

On the other hand, however, he launched a terrific attack on the organisation of Soviet literature, and on the petit-bourgeois spirit in which most writers were confining themselves to their "accursed triangle: flat in Moscow, country house, health resort". He ridiculed the "creative missions" on which the Writers' Union sent writers, and the whole bureaucratic machine of this union, a machine under which a gifted writer like Fadeyev, who loved playing the supreme literary boss, was wasting his time on committees, laying down the law to other writers. He had better do some more writing himself, Sholokhov said; for no writer worthy of the name wanted any of Comrade Fadeyev's advice. Sholokhov even advised Fadeyev to go and settle somewhere far away from Moscow for a few years and turn out a decent book in the end - something as good as some of his earlier works - instead of wasting his valuable time on all these bureaucratic and autocratic activities.

Sholokhov's main argument, indeed, was that most Soviet writers had no real contact with Soviet reality; and he argued that it would be far better if the Writers' Union, instead of organising its "creative missions", enabled writers to spend a few years at a stretch in this or that part of the Soviet Union, providing them with a comfortable home where they could live and work, and at the same time "mix with their future heroes". (Which, all things considered, was not perhaps a very creative proposal: after all, it wasn't necessary even for Zola to live physically and personally in the assommoir in order to write his novel.)

Sholokhov also drew attention to the fact that the "promising young men" of 1932, when the Writers' Union was founded with Maxim Gorki's blessing, were now mostly well

over fifty; that young talent was scarce, and not receiving much encouragement. The paradoxical thing about Sholokhov's speech was that, while he hammered home his point that the bureaucratic machine of the Writers' Union had, on balance, done more harm than good - since "from each thousand pens only about ten decent books have been produced in the last twenty years" - he did not advocate its abolition or a return to the "cliques and coteries" of the fruitful, but anarchical, twenties. He merely criticised the methods and the personnel of the union.

It may be remembered that Sholokhov already made a speech on the same lines at the Writers' Congress in December 1954: his speech then was considered "a scandal", and he was accused by the bureaucrats of playing into the hands of the enemies of the Soviet Union abroad. It is, therefore, all the more significant that Sholokhov should have been let loose at the Party Congress: and that he should have been allowed to go hammer-and-tongs for Surkov. What is the explanation?

It should be observed that, for several months past, the party has in various ways, been complaining of the weaknesses of Soviet literature, and has attributed them largely to the "lack of literary quality". Hence the demand that there be more books of "artistic quality and power". For several months past, the party press has been deliberately building up the two writers who are certainly the two most accomplished craftsmen in Soviet literature today - Sholokhov and Leonov; two writers who can rank as being in the "great Russian tradition", and both of whom managed considerable resistance to the Stalin-Zhdanov current. Sholokhov, who was much discouraged by the Zhdanov directives, had been silent for over ten years, and has only just lately started writing again. Leonov, despite some outward concessions he made to the fashion of the day, still continued to write in his rich and pungent prose, with dialogues which are the nearest approach we have in Soviet literature today to the grim buffoonery of the Dostoievskian dialogue. Traces of this Dostoievskian buffoonery can be found both in a wartime play like "The Invasion" and his recent novel, "The Russian Forest". So Sholokhov and Leonov are the two Soviet writers who are being "cultivated" under the Krushchev regime - rather at the expense of the Surkovs, Fadeyevs and Simonovs.

Literary quality is the watchword today. There is no question of going back to the "irresponsible" literature of the twenties. Krushchev made this quite clear: there was to be, on the one hand, no "sloppy varnishing" of Soviet reality; but, on the other hand, there was also to be no "malicious misrepresentation". (In other words, no Zoshchenkos were wanted.) But the party-inspired literature must, nevertheless, have some drive and punch and literary quality. And it was necessary therefore to widen the outlook of young writers, and let them study some unorthodox models, if only for the quality of their writing. Hence the lifting of a number of taboos. Bunin (who was not reprinted since 1917, because of his being an anti-Soviet émigré), and Leonid Andreyev (who wrote hair-raising and "catastrophist" stories in the first fifteen years of this century, and died in 1919, cursing the Bolsheviks) and, most important of all, Dostoievsky are to be reprinted in a big way. It is not true, of course, that Dostoievsky was entirely "prohibited" under Stalin: some of his "socially positive" books like "The Insulted and the Injured" and "Crime and Punishment" have been continuously reprinted in Stalin Russia; and, in 1948, even "A Raw Youth" (as Constance Garnett called "The Adolescent") was reprinted; but it was done in a sort of shamefaced way and Dostoievsky was scarcely ever mentioned in the press; while some of his greatest books like "The Brothers Karamazov" and "The Idiot" (and, needless to say "The Possessed") were unobtainable, except in pre-revolution editions. Now all these books have been reprinted (except, for the present, "The Possessed"); and a complete Dostoievsky has been announced. Throughout Russia there have been celebrations to mark the 75th anniversary of the death of "this great Russian genius" whom (it is now frequently recalled) Gorki described as the only writer whose literary power was equal to Shakespeare's!

Both political and literary papers and magazines have gone out of their way to discuss Dostoievsky at great length and to distinguish between "the great artist, the profound psychologist and the passionate sociologist" and the "Christian and reactionary spirit of some of his writings". A constant comparison is drawn between Dostoievsky and Tolstoy (the great favourite of the Stalin days), and it is pointed out that the Christian non-resistance philisophy of Tolstoy was, after all, very similar to the religious views of Dostoievsky; so if there is a cult of Tolstoy, despite his "phoney" religious views, why shouldn't there be a cult of Dostoievsky? One Soviet critic has gone so far as to say that if, according to Stalin, the writer was "the engineer of human souls", Dostoievsky was "the miner of human souls", who penetrated deeper below the surface than anybody else.

This lifting of certain literary taboos has a striking parallel in the case of history. More important even than individual rehabilitations (e.g. Bela Kun, Antonov-Ovseyenko), was Mikoyan's sharp criticism of the "cooked history" of the revolution and of the Soviet era in Russia. If the party now manages to produce a new history, which will take the place of the present "Short History of the C.P.S.U.", it will certainly be the most sensational development of all in this field. A new history would be the yardstick by which we could measure with precision the difference between Stalinism and the New Look in Russia. For the present, the exact nature of this difference is still not clear.

ALEXANDER WERTH

The Mountain Trail

The Lakes Urban District Council have been driven to initiate an anti-litter campaign. Good luck to them, but will it achieve any more than the government's has done? Summer by summer the tide of filth in the countryside increases, mute evidence that propaganda, posters and leaflets are only preaching to the converted.

"Go up on the tops and see for yourselves," said my Lakeland landlord one evening last autumn to a group of us in his bar, "and then come and tell me what's to do". So we went, some to Scawfell Pike, some to Gable, some to Helvellyn, and the report was everywhere the same - the immediate surroundings of summit cairns literally too filthy to sit down on.

Yet it is all hallowed ground; here Coleridge stood, and was perhaps the first to stand; here generations of us since have climbed to see the sun rise, or lingered to see it set, have groped in mist and battled in gale and bathed in sunshine and ecstasy; and none of it has ever looked like this before.

Those who campaigned for access to mountains cannot but be aware of a special responsibility in the matter. We wanted to get people off the streets and into the wild country; we thought it the healthiest thing that could happen to the industrialised Briton, and we still think so; but we did not envisage pollution of the country as a subsidiary result.

"All you've done is bring on to the mountains a lot of people who should never be there," growled a distinguished climbing-club member from his corner of the bar. Odious snob; may his words choke in his throat. But awkward, all the same, to explain the pollution away.

Not that one drops litter because one is poor. The worst offenders are those who can afford cars. It was the owners of a thousand-pound car who drove up to this hotel, parked on the drive under the dining-room windows, ate their picnic lunch, and drove away, leaving a mound of paper and bottles, on the drive under the dining-room windows ...

But one does drop it because one is uneducated. For a hundred years the hills were the holiday preserve of the professional classes and there was never any litter, unless perhaps a tin containing visiting-cards on the more recondite summits. Children of all classes drop it, until taught not to. Much has been made of the need to begin anti-litter education in the primary schools, but I wonder how many

Tremendous interest, with many postcards, was caused by our descriptions of SCHWEPSHIRE and SCHWEPPSYLVANIA, which showed respectively England and the United States, only more so. In response to many requests to demonstrate the more so of Europe, we offer you this New Approach to an Old Continent.

There are conventional guide books to this region: but appearances are disschwepptive. There have been vast inroads, huge metamorphoses, and lots of bits altered. Almost imperschwepptibly the new is grafted onto the old.

While, of course, we try to be tremendously light in tone, our deeper aim is to instruct, to show you each country in perschwepptive — the art of Florence and Etruria preserved for the laurel-wreathed bicyclist and the heroes of the carburettor, the bold watch-makers of the Alpine Swiss, the left-bank inconsequence of French civil servants and family men, the patriotism, and pride in their historical heritage, of Greek absentee men of Big Business.

More simply, we hope to show you how, beneath the familiar characteristics individual to individual nations, is an underlying similarity, complementary yet necessarily counter, an equally deep-rooted conjunction of contrasted identities, linked by a sameness of opposites.

Written by Stephen Potter: Assigned by George Ellis

★SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

teachers take it seriously? I wonder how many of them are litter-leavers themselves?

And certainly no motorist dropped it on Scawfell Pike. To get there involves a long and arduous walk, which can only be undertaken because in some degree one loves the hills. How then explain the mentality that destroys the thing it not only loves but has painfully earned? Can it be mere thoughtlessness? Is it not also largely bad example? Where there is a little litter, there will be more; if the place looks a mess when you arrive, it ceases to matter what you do; but if it were clean in the first place, probably two-thirds of the visitors would know the impulse to keep it so. The real criminal is the first who drops a toffee-paper on virgin soil.

A good many illusions about the sort of people who can be trusted on the hills vanish under this sort of detective work. Only motorists would make a mess, not walkers? And then the top of Scawfell Pike. Only walkers, not rock-climbers? And then chocolate-wrappers tucked behind the belays of Oliverson's, orange peel on the sacred ledges of the Cioch Slab. A youth who has gained the Inaccessible Pinnacle of Skye was casting his picnic debris into the void around him. "Don't!" I nerved myself to shriek, and he stared down at me in purest astonishment. "What d'you want me to do with it, then?" "Put it in your pocket and take it home." To my relief and gratification, a tiny cheer went up from the rest of the dress-circle. But what a prig one feels, and how often the result is only sulks. Another lad with whom I had spent a happy afternoon on Collie's Climb retired into them when I retrieved his cigarette-carton from the tiny, exquisite summit of Alasdair. "What's it matter, the wind will blow it away." They all have this notion, that the stuff they leave is ephemeral. Perhaps the Lake-land campaigners will get the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research to work out how long on an average it takes cardboard and orange-peel to decay. About a year, I should guess; just in time for the next sowing.

And of course tins and bottles are nearly as permanent as the mountain. The old solution was to bury them, but this no longer holds now that we come in thousands instead of tens. The convenient crevices are filled, and one already has the unpleasant feeling that every boulder near the summit must rest on crunched glass or metal. The answer, nowadays, is that tins should not go up. The tent or youth-hostel are the proper places for consuming tinned soup and sardines, (hostel wardens could do a service by impressing this on those to whom they sell their stores). And bottles, like everything else that goes up, must come down. That good money could be reclaimed on many of them is not, it seems, sufficient inducement. Our landlord recently treated himself to a day of shifting mists and Brocken spectres on Bowfell which no money could buy, but in fact it earned him a shilling, payable on beer-bottles returned to his own bar.

But I have left him waiting for our suggestions. They were not, I am afraid, original or dramatic. Litter-bins on summits, said one, and the rest of us negatived that at once. A mountain is no less profaned by a litter-bin than by litter, and who is to go up and empty them? They are a confession of defeat; their provision only intensifies that urban mentality bred of parks and public places, which assumes, in the final instance rightly, that someone else is paid to tidy up. Urban litter, though visually almost as disgusting, can never in the same degree matter. Blackpool Corporation were long ago resigned to vacuum-cleaning the famous beach every morning. But wild country is the responsibility of all who go there, and somehow this has to be brought home.

The most important, to my way of thinking, is a positive instead of the perpetually negative approach. It is not enough to tell people not to drop litter. Those of us who really, burningly care about the state of the places we love must be prepared, as a matter of course on our holidays, to pick up the litter left by others. It requires some resolution, some silencing of the maternal echoes which bade us never touch things in the road, "you don't know who may have dropped them." But rucksack pockets can be washed, and the forces of nature are a fine disinfectant. Example instead of precept - the Women's Institute members have the right idea, though if litter-gatherers go about their task in what Mr. Wooster might call a marked manner, that is all to the good.

I do not believe there would be any lack of volunteers for such a crusade, or that they would all be people of my generation, who can remember the hills when they were clean. The young have an aptitude for making a thoughtless mess, but they also have an aptitude for crusades, and in this matter there already exists among them a goodwill which has hardly been tapped. The boy or girl who has once helped to clear up the top of Scawfell Pike will not again deface it. When their turn for parenthood comes, they will teach their children not to deface it. Thus alone, it seems to me, can we regain the concept of mountain-going not as a legal right but as an immense privilege, and one earned not only by the uphill grind but by right behaviour on arrival.

ELIZABETH COXHEAD

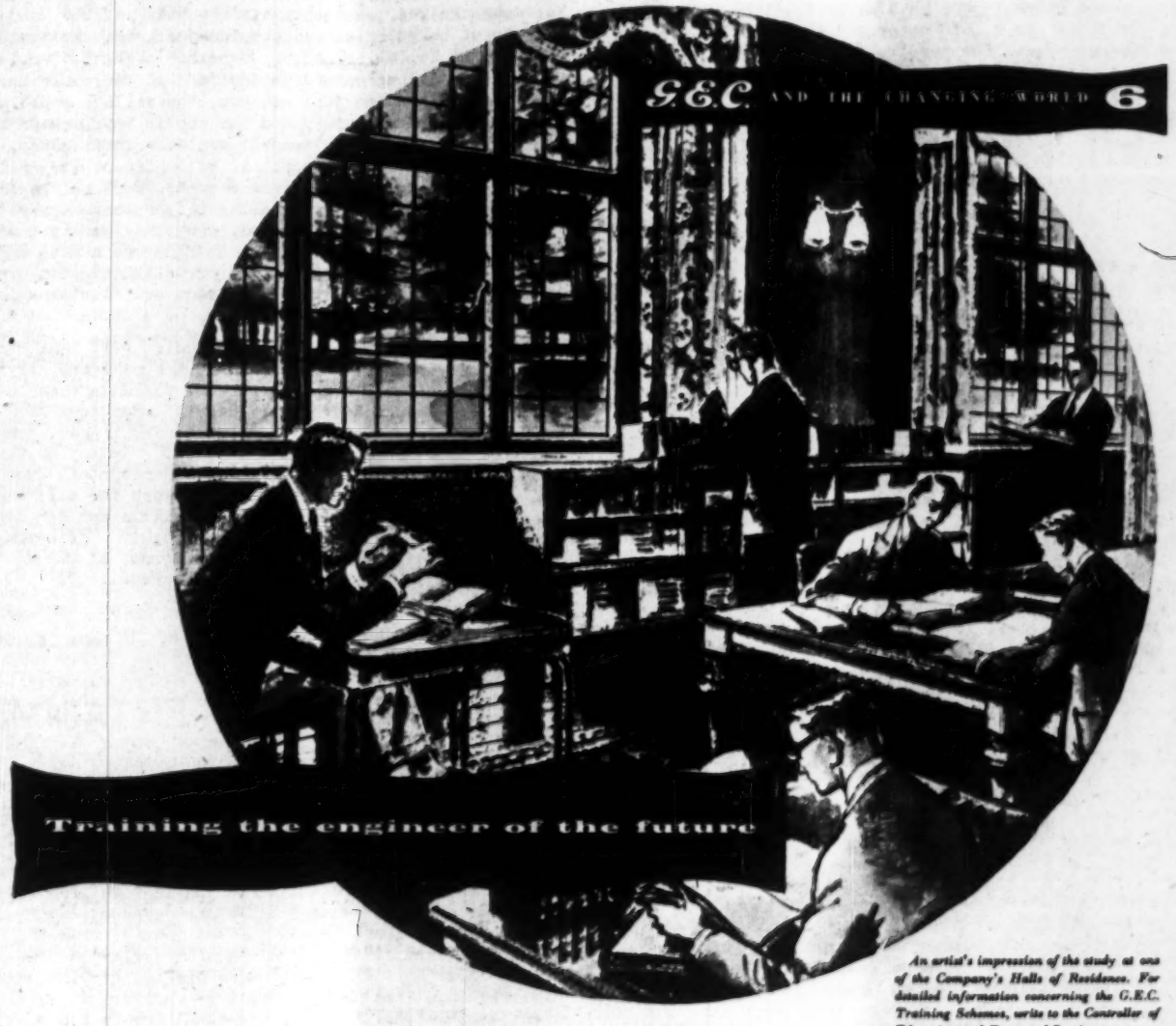
THE YOUNG LAIRD

Cookie, watching me and propping her large, black-veiled belly comfortably on the edge of the table, nodded her gold ear rings and said to the step-uncle once removed - for Egyptian families are as complicated as Scots ones: "I like to see someone civilised". Quite clearly she meant someone who looked on her and her folk as human beings. Earlier that evening I had been in her house; as houses went in the mud village it wasn't too bad. There was a bed and some kind of cupboard, water jars and scraps of newspaper pasted here and there on the walls. In a little inner cell sat a seamstress from the big village five miles away, who had brought her sewing machine to sew a blue and white cotton wedding dress for one of the daughters. She worked by the light of a tiny oil lamp. There was no window.

That was a comparatively good house; Cookie is Moursi's wife, or one of his wives. Moursi is the latest in Cookie's list of husbands, for village affairs are rather like high society, with wives passing round. It seems to suit every-body and there are lots of children, who, rather astonishing-ly, look well. That, said the step uncle, is because the fellahin have had a little more to spend on food these last two years, mostly due to the new government policy. They have pegged tenants' rents so that the old system of bidding against one another for who could pay the highest rent by most nearly starving his family, is ended. The tenants - the fellahin - can now plan a little ahead.

The young laird and I had plunged into the deep sticky mud of the village through a gate in the square mud wall - which in the old days used to be locked at night. It was his great grandfather who had built it for his fellahin, with a mosque at the end. It might have been a step up in those days from even more primitive conditions. Now it was com-pletely inadequate for human beings. The men, women and children of the village live in roughly house-shaped mud shells with an occasional tiny window opening and a larger one to the roof, where maize, sugar cane and fuel is kept. Sometimes the mud is moulded into an oven, above which the family can spread their mats, sometimes it is pressed out into a narrow shelf shape, pierced, in turn, for the handles of the few spoons or knives they possess. Outside, tall mud shapes are jars for rice. The biggest room is always for the beasts, cows and buffaloes, which look reasonably fat and flourishing, as befits such valuable pieces of prop-erty. From the reed roofs are slung jars, some for onions and beans, others as pigeon cotes. Black ducks run under one's feet. There is no decoration. The only warmth is a charcoal brazier. The wealth, if any, is on the women's necks and ankles. There is often no furniture at all, though there is one bicycle in the village.

M., the young laird, had not realised at first what was the human basis of the estate's green acres of berseem, wheat, cotton and beans. Egypt of the intellectuals, where everything is discussed and all the cultures of east and west can meet, is becoming rapidly and perhaps disastrously,



An artist's impression of the study at one of the Company's Halls of Residence. For detailed information concerning the G.E.C. Training Schemes, write to the Controller of Education and Personnel Services.

"... we shall need many more scientists, engineers and technicians ... The aim we set before you is to build a highroad that runs from school to the highest positions in industry and commerce; to make it possible for every boy and girl to join that road at the point which suits them best, and to travel on it as far as their talents and perseverance will take them."

The Prime Minister, speaking at Bradford, January 18th, 1956.

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For some time past, recruits from grammar schools, public schools and the universities have been training in the extensive works and laboratories of the G.E.C. Men are engaged for their personal qualities as much as for academic ability. This combination is all-important because the key to the future is in the hands of these engineers-to-be. They are the men who are destined to become the leaders in the great industrial developments of our rapidly changing world.

G.E.C.

LEADERS IN ELECTRICAL PROGRESS

The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

out of touch with the country, and indeed with any kind of manual labour. M., agreeing that this is so, is now finding himself faced with the problem of housing "his" fellahin, who, when they see that he is genuinely and humanly interested, put themselves and their difficulties into his hands. I think he found himself more physically sickened than I was with the complete lack of water and sanitation, and the smell of the houses and the people. It all seemed to me to be comparable with the tinker camps in Scotland; and I know how, in one generation of decent conditions, boys and girls would spring away into normal physical and intellectual development. But it was his responsibility, not mine. And they were his fellow countrymen, no longer just the fellahin, but people who must in some way become actually his brothers.

Later on, Moursi, with his kind, deeply lined, broad-boned peasant face, told us exactly what was grown, how much he spent on each of his six acres and what he would get back. Six acres is quite a lot; many have only two or three, scattered in narrow strips through the great unfenced fields. The margin of profit barely exists, but on the other hand, the tenants and their families are fed adequately, though without much variety and with very little meat. Essentially this is subsistence farming, for which they pay a rent of £24 per acre, twice the tax the landowner has to pay. Cotton does pay well, but only a third of any estate can be cotton. Government policy is to grow more food.

Then M. and I went round with Moursi while he explained the twin systems of irrigation and drainage, each of which has to work just right, or the land may either become too dry or else too full of minerals. I was worried about what I thought the inadequacy of the all-purpose mattock and the little sickle. Yes, Moursi knew of scythes and spades, but didn't, apparently, think much of them. As he saw we were really interested, he kept plunging into the crops, demonstrating the wheat plants and the height of the beans. My technical questions about soil and fertilisers, under-sowing and ploughing-in got answered intelligently. Then the young laird began thinking in the direction of a small tractor and lorry to be shared by the tenants. But Moursi shook his head. The fellahin don't co-operate. I said I'd heard that story about crofters and Highland fishermen. There are two things to be done with people who won't co-operate. Lose your temper and liquidate them, or be patient and offer them a solid financial reason which can be easily appreciated. "But if there was a co-operative I should have to run it!" said the young laird gloomily, thinking of his university work and the things he wants to write but never catches up with. The only literate man in the village is the headman, an attractive old rogue, but not to be trusted with other villagers' money.

Like so many Delta farms, the estate is a family concern, divided up among various related owners, who share the income. But not all the owners are as keen to alter things as the young laird. It is about 230 acres; if it had been much larger, part of it would have been expropriated by the government and divided up into small holdings, as some neighbouring estates have been. In the middle is the "big house", pleasant but rather tumbledown, with plaster breaking away from the walls and hornets' nests under the eaves. There is also a kitchen with pots and pans and a tap of running water, where Cookie makes us delicious rice-stuffed pigeons and is admirably free-handed with the garlic. There is a big mud-walled compound, store sheds, a pump for good water, eucalyptus and casuarina trees for shade and a little orchard of orange and lemon trees.

One thing that could be done is to build some new houses outside the walls, in the unused compound. But what would the older generation say? Then the step-uncle, who is a fine old-style Liberal and has suffered for it in the past, suddenly says there is a pile of baked bricks belonging to the family, five kilometres away. We decide to investigate and I find myself perilously astride of a donkey. It is Cookie's donkey, so well used to a heavy-weight. We duly find the bricks outside the big village, which seems to be much the same as our own mud one, though on a larger scale. It shows vividly how some of the Tel sites, which are being excavated now, came into being: for below the present houses must be the remains of other houses, gone back into their original mud, but doubtless full of discarded household possessions. The lowest layer may well be pre-historic.

Moursi says that, if the bricks are transported, they will build themselves. I think myself that, if they have a few courses of baked brick and then properly made mud brick, the houses will be all right. But they ought to be plastered and perhaps colour washed inside; and if one could have Arab style sanitation and just one tap, the village would suddenly move forward a century, and the gap in brotherhood between the young laird and his tenants would begin to close. The government is building schools to implement its policy of general literacy, but not fast enough. Perhaps they may yet build one for our village and the two or three nearest ones. There are model villages too, but they barely touch the general problem of the Delta. If there was a real effort to raise the standard of living of the Delta fellahin, we tourists could dispense with flower beds and fountains in Cairo and Alexandria!

If the young Egyptian intellectuals felt that they had to keep in touch with the land and the peasants, trying to understand and work with and for the fellahin, then the Egyptian future would be much brighter. But many of them are only a couple of generations from the villages themselves, and they turn their backs and shudder. It may be that what is needed is something like Gandhi's concept of "bread labour", some kind of productive manual work for all. Perhaps that needs a Gandhi to say it, but it is not far from the Moslem idea of brotherhood and justice. Or perhaps, if a few are willing to think in these terms, it may work through. The young laird has a tremendous responsibility. But also a wonderful chance.

NAOMI MITCHISON

THE ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

TEN YEARS OF BRITISH ARCHITECTURE

The Arts Council's exhibition of British architecture from 1945 to 1955, which has been on view at the Council's gallery and is now to tour the country before going abroad under the auspices of the British Council, provides as sure a basis as an exhibition can for judging the architecture of the first post-war decade. The photographs, admirably arranged by Mr. Trevor Dannatt, are mostly from the photographic library of the "Architectural Review" and nearly all are excellent. There are also plenty of plans and even some sections - an almost unheard-of-luxury at an architectural exhibition. Finally, the catalogue is the work of Mr. John Summerson; he has considerably increased the critic's task by saying, with all his usual urbanity, practically everything that needs to be said about the exhibition and about modern architecture.

The aim of the exhibition is to represent, in Mr. Summerson's words: "the school in which leadership is vested" and to show only the best buildings of that school. The result is that all the works shown would be unhesitatingly identified by the plain man as "modern". Within this very broad category, however, every sort of attitude is represented, though, as Mr. Summerson points out, their differences are rather obscured by the flattening effect of the camera.

After walking round the whole exhibition, I felt decidedly encouraged. It does show that, in a decade full of difficulties for architecture, a large number of excellent works have been built. Nearly everywhere there is a feeling of confidence and competence. Architects seem to have avoided entirely the hesitancies and self-doubt that have beset their fellow-artists. They have accepted and absorbed a large variety of pre-war influences, mainly from abroad, and, having faced the troubles of our times, they have pressed forward to the creation of a new vernacular which is already quite characteristically English and can stand up to critical artistic analysis of the most rigorous kind. Certainly as an architectural style it still has very decided limitations, which depend I suppose partly on the nature of our

society, with its increasing emphasis on the community rather than the individual, and partly, quite prosaically, on the types of buildings at which architects have really had a chance to become proficient. Thus we have produced many excellent schools and many remarkably satisfying blocks of flats. We have at least one factory, at Brynmawr by Architects Co-partnership, which is a true work of architecture and the large picture of Marchwood shows Farmer and Dark well advanced in their quest for the perfect power station.

On the other hand, no churches and no buildings produced for the direct use of the State have been thought worthy of inclusion and individual houses - whether cheap or expensive - though generously illustrated, still seem to be beyond us. Most architects of individual or terraced houses in public housing schemes have usually been content to tidy up traditional designs; when they do attempt something more decidedly modern, they seem to be too self-conscious to achieve a satisfactory effect. Private houses have been built again only since 1952 and nothing very memorable has been produced so far. They have been built mostly for professional men and all tend to hide rather coyly among masses of foliage. The modest show of opulence which characterised the small town house of the eighteenth century is not for the comfortably-off today. They must make do with cunningly contrived living-spaces and a profusion of indoor plants.

Civic buildings have been a nearly complete failure; only Coventry has done anything. The civic spirit is one our generation seems incapable of expressing. The new towns are represented here by Harlow, the best of them; but the photographs give no impression of a town. The scattered houses look like an army bivouac: the troops certainly have very considerable wealth and technical ability. Their encampment is very large and impressive, but tomorrow they will pack it all up and march away.

It would, of course, be a mistake to see the architecture of the last ten years as homogeneous or to think that architects looked on the creation of a new vernacular as their main aim. There have been a number of different currents and impulses at work and almost as many views of the nature of architecture as there have been architects. But perhaps the great seriousness of architects and their intense care for social and technical problems have made English architecture a little dull. Very seldom in this exhibition is one brought up short by a building which rocks all one's accepted standards as would certainly happen in an exhibition of the post-war architecture of Italy or Brazil. Modern architecture here has almost completely lost the power to shock as it has become more and more a part of our way of life. But this is a permanent characteristic of architecture in England. We rejected the fantasies of late Gothic for the sober right angles of the Perpendicular, we turned from Baroque extravagances and embraced the eminently sensible architecture of Palladio. But there is always a danger that sense will relapse into dullness and, if English architecture is to flourish, there must be architects who will leaven the lump with more poetic, more dramatic buildings. Are there any signs of these in the exhibition?

At least twice I felt there were. The Hunstanton school by Alison and Peter Smithson may recall Mondriaan and Mies van der Rohe and may to some seem blankly ugly, but it is so forceful and so definite and its statement is so clear that it dominates everything around it and makes a number of elegant schools look very anaemic indeed. The comparison that sprung to my mind was with Butterfield, but, of course, Mr. Summerson was there before me. As you turn round from the photographs of the Hunstanton school, you see at the end of the next vista a gigantic photograph of the Hallfield primary school by Drake and Lasdun. The photograph is so large that it almost gives an impression of the real thing, which seems to me a great work by any standard. Our architecture has owed much to the irruptive artists who have cut across the sober tenor of its way. Hawksmoor and Butterfield are two obvious examples; there seems to be a good hope that there will be several more.

J.M.V. DAVIES

TIME'S WINGED CHARIOT

It's over now, but I must, if only in retrospect, pay tribute to McWilliam's sculpture exhibition. This show proved me wrong too. I had thought his previous surrealist experiments mistaken, and the influence of Giacometti on his work a sterile one. In fact it is now clear that in both these earlier phases he was slowly, effectively, developing the imagination which has become striking in these new figures. For example, his surrealist device of placing a very accurately worked out head on an arm without any torso to connect them, has lead to the sculpture, modelled and cut direct in cement mixed with iron, of "Man Erect". From in front one looks down from where the neck would be, into the hollow jerkin of the thorax with warrior shoulders raised either side in an upward weight-bearing thrust; from the back the whole torso appears as a winged image of flight, the hollowness now like that of a fuselage: an old symbol, unobscure but in an entirely new form. In his other figures, of girls, mothers and children, Lazarus, orators, he uses their elongated forms with very broken textures. But their elongation, whilst giving their bodies a kind of hieratic remoteness, which may not be altogether what he intends, also expresses most stirringly the basic articulation of their poses, the way the whole body constantly re-adjusts all its alignments to meet the demands of even the slightest movement, and their texture, instead of destroying their structure, makes it more supple. These figures are like bows whose actions are their arrows, however gentle.

The most concise definition of the value of any true artist is that he increases our liberty to see. Alan Reynolds, who has four large canvasses of the "Seasons" and many watercolour studies at the Redfern, certainly does this. The plant against the sky acquires a new drama, the cycle of its life seen in terms of light years. But it is wrong in my opinion to think of Reynolds as a landscape painter in the usual sense of the word. He is young and he may change, but I doubt it. In his previous paintings with their big blackish silhouettes of trees and Kentish outhouses he tried to paint landscapes - that is to say, a place and space. He failed because it wasn't what interested him, and his formalisations only looked like cruder enlarged details from his fine botanical drawings. Now in these four new canvasses he has brought his painting and his drawing far closer together. The foreground of each picture is filled with intensely seen details - thistle down, teasles, ears of corn, sprigs, grasses, and, with the minimum of middle distance or landscape in between, these come up against the sky which is somehow made to epitomise the forces which govern the seed, the wind, the wisp of hair beneath. In "Spring", the best of the four, the cool rose light flows up from behind the horizon and at the same time bursts out in jets through each bud. It is his studies, however, which give the clearest clue to his imagination; in spirit they are the exact opposite to, for instance, Leonardo's botanical drawings; Leonardo dissected to understand; Reynolds dissects to get deeper into the mystery and make it deeper. He is not interested in measurement, scale or structure as such, for these are the concepts by which man struggles to understand and work upon nature, and Reynolds, anyway in this sense, is not a humanist. He is interested in time recurring to infinity. His drawings, despite their convention of solidity, are curiously two-dimensional because it is the pattern, the traces of natural change, not its causes or results, at which he wonders. He uses the elements of landscape, but far more even than Samuel Palmer whom he so much admires, he is at heart a kind of poetic, metaphysical illustrator. This is not to belittle his very rare and English skill and imagination: it is simply to avoid confusion and finally disappointment.

Trust "The Times" for bromides. Its critic found the "effortlessness" of John Minton's paintings at the Lefevre particularly enjoyable. In fact it is their tragedy. If only Minton allowed himself more time to paint, more effort to tackle what he really knows are the problems, he would be the artist he should be. As it is, nearly all these pictures, mostly Spanish landscapes, are only the framework for the paintings they could have been. Occasionally the experience is so vivid and concentrated that he can drink it

in at one gulp - the buildings round Barcelona harbour from above looking like a bleached tattered flag beneath the disturbed sky, the paraffin moon lights of a night fishing boat. But usually he either impatiently formalises the scene into attractive toy blocks, which, one feels, could be as easily moved overnight as the models on the nursery floor; or else he makes a series of realistic notations, each very sensitive as a touch, but seldom built up together to make a compulsive image of a street or a coast line. His two large narrative pictures of "Coriolanus" and the "Survivors" of a ship-wreck are extremely well composed, but again remain skeletons. Oh, one knows what he means and there are excellent things in them - the sailor's drenched shirt and the wet light in the sky - but they could be so much more, the figures could be as complex as the waves of the sea - then they would move us. Géricault made hundreds of studies for "The Raft" - from Michelangelo, from models, from the sea, from the accounts of the survivors. Minton I am sure knows all this, but he is too honest an artist to deceive by the surreptitious lowering of our standards.

JOHN BERGER

OPERATION MINCEMEAT

"At Last," gasps the placard of "The Man Who Never Was" at the Carlton, "the incredible but true spy story of the strangest deception in the annals of the British Secret Service - how a dead man went to war - at last, it can be told!" But it was told three years ago, by the author of "The Man Who Never Was", Ewen Montagu, who had instigated the thing in real life.

"The Man Who Never Was" - the film - is sleek, ample, glossy. The usual misplaced American - Mr. Clifton Webb as the Hon. Ewen Montagu - wears a beard and constricts a rebarbative charm till he is, I suppose, very English; his secretary occupies one of those great Embankment flats known to the envious film-goer; Churchill speaks, out of the air over London, through the doorway of No. 10, but isn't seen; sirens wail, vaguely important faces gather at long tables, the pilot's brave girl will agonise, victory music will accompany the mission's setting out, to achieve an explosion of maps and gunfire. How does all this strike you? As being rather too much like every British war film ever made?

But those who read the bare bones of Mr. Montagu's narrative will know that it was very remote from that. It had a marvellous story; it confined itself to the facts of that story. The brain-wave - when we were on the point of invading Sicily - was to drop a dead officer of Marines into the sea off Spain bearing such documents as would convince the Germans that our main objective was Greece. The "plant" had to be made perfect, a locality chosen for its very active German agent, a body had first to be found, and kept, and - almost as tricky - high quarters had to be won over. It was all managed, and it worked like a miracle.

The fascination lay in the working out of detail, the fake letters (how would the opposite number in Berlin react to this or that?), and the macabre presence of the dead man, who of course remains anonymous, and to whom was gradually fastened a new personality. From an unknown victim of pneumonia he becomes Captain William Martin of the Marines, acting major, engaged to Pam who lives at Marlborough and works in a Government office. The father doesn't quite approve; "Bill" - as he has now become - has an overdraft of seventy pounds, belongs to the Naval and Military Club, buys his shirts at Gieve's. In his pocket will be found also two tickets for a recent date at the Prince of Wales Theatre - as well as, of course, the crucial letter from Nye to Alexander and a personal request to Eisenhower. And as Bill warms in the imagination, his special container of dry ice is constructed to be taken by submarine to a point off Huelva.

There's the story. It only needs to be stuck to, kept real. What better medium than the film? But at once everyone gets scared. Too grim - more respect for the dead; so a soul-voice has to make a deep utterance over the waves at beginning and end, and the dead man's father has to be sentimentally introduced. Then, too, there must be love - and Miss Gloria Grahame. When it comes to faking Bill's love life, she will write the letter out of her own tortured emotions; and when her chap's killed she can pour out her grief as if for Bill. Mr. Nigel Balchin is responsible for the script, and he balances over-sentimentality with touches of jocularity. But "The Man Who Never Was" didn't want fat at all! It was lean by nature, and should have remained so. The film adds a sequel about an Irish spy checking on Bill in London, achieves no real climax, and leaves us eerily thrilled but exasperated beyond words. André Hakim, the producer, and Ronald Neame, the director, have missed their chance. The original mission was known as Operation Mincemeat, and I'm afraid that's just what they have made of it.

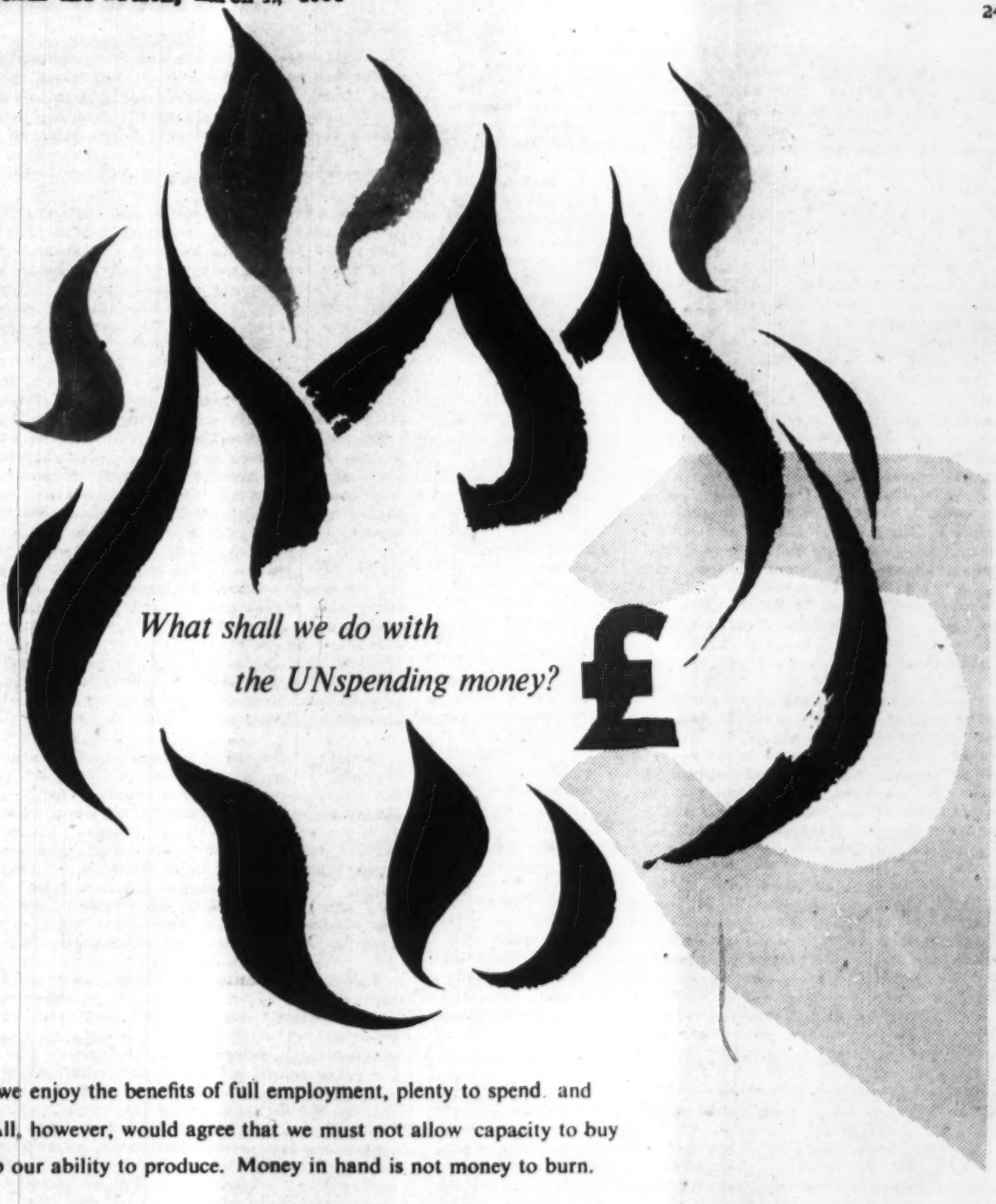
WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

BRAVE SADLER'S WELLS

The other day I was playfully accused of being prejudiced in favour of Sadler's Wells - relatively, I suppose, to what politicians would call "another place". Prejudice, in the strict sense of the word, is something which I hope plays no part in my musical assessments; but, more loosely speaking, we are all of us "prejudiced" in favour of a restaurant where we have often dined well at moderate cost, or in favour of a novelist whose past work we have enjoyed; and in that sense I confess to a rather warm feeling towards the ugly, cosy, over-resonant theatre in Islington. Operas and voices which get lost at Covent Garden come across easily there; thanks to a generally high standard of enunciation, a good joke will convulse the house. Ever since 1945, when the theatre reopened with "Peter Grimes", Sadler's Wells has deserved well of the big new opera public. It is now in excellent hands: there is no musical institution in England about whose future we need feel less anxiety - if only it were not in such serious financial straits.

Both our national opera houses are subsidised on a very modest scale by continental standards, both have had to do without an increase at a time when expenses are continually mounting, and both now operate uncomfortably near the borderline of solvency. This year, when box-office receipts and (I think) artistic standards are higher at Sadler's Wells than ever before, the theatre finds itself in very low water. What is to be done about it I don't know: this is hardly the time to expect an increased grant from the Arts Council. Perhaps some group of London industries might lend a helping hand to their municipal opera, as Peter Jones has unexpectedly come to the assistance of far-away Glyndebourne? For want of money, the proud tradition of a constantly widening repertory has had to be abandoned: the current season has included no outright novelty such as the "Katya Kabanova", "Eugene Onegin", "Nelson", "Simone Boccanegra" or "School for Fathers" of past years. Instead of getting on with his plans for the production of Carl Nielsen's "Saul and David", Norman Tucker has been wondering whether he can survive without reducing the numbers of his recently reconstituted orchestra.

What wins our admiration and affection for Sadler's Wells is the feeling that, thanks to good sense and good taste, artistic results are achieved out of all proportion to the outlay. Mistakes have been made, but not reckless mistakes, as in numerous past productions at Covent Garden and even in one so recent as last November's "Tannhäuser". But Covent Garden has only just acquired a responsible artistic director, while at Sadler's Wells we are now witnessing the fruition of Mr. Tucker's consistent policy in the development of his company over a number of years. That he should have so keen a scent for fresh talent is fortunate, for his position as a recruiting officer is decidedly difficult. He has no source of experienced singers to draw on; he cannot offer good salaries; and he is constantly losing the cream of his company to Covent Garden, to the concert platform, or even to Hollywood, who snapped up the Maltese tenor, Oreste Kirkop, a year or two ago in the hope that he might prove another Mario Lanza. Notwithstanding all this, a visit to Sadler's Wells is frequently rewarded by the discovery of uncommonly interesting new talent.



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This year, a young conductor and two young singers, a soprano and a mezzo, have begun to make their names. The conductor is Alexander Gibson, who has done well in "Eugene Onegin", "The Consul" and "The School for Fathers"; the soprano is Elizabeth Fretwell; the mezzo Joyce Blackham. With great restraint, the management confined Miss Fretwell, an Australian, for several months to the role of Musetta, so that she might devote all her energies to the study of "La Traviata". Her Violetta is already a remarkable achievement, probably the best of the many seen in London since the war; it could grow into something splendid. She has presence and graceful movements, an instinctive feeling for the stage and a complete self-identification with the character, so that the audience is caught up in the drama and pathos of the story. She uses a warm and generous voice with a marked feeling for style. In the last act she read the letter - an effect never so easy to bring off in English as in Italian - with great poignancy; then began "Addio del passato" with a beautiful purity of tone and line. She was not consistent; she doesn't yet know that in such music purity matters far more than volume; she often lets out more tone than is wanted, and allow it to coarsen in the process. If she would listen attentively to herself and draw back the instant she detects any roughening or loss of quality, she might become a first-rate singer one of these days. Her next part, I see, is to be Madame Butterfly. Joyce Blackham has already appeared in several operas, but I have so far heard her only as the flirtatious Olga of "Eugene Onegin" and as the younger daughter in Vaughan Williams's moving "Riders to the Sea". Of both she offered rounded and theatrically convincing studies, singing with full, pure and unusually steady tone.

By the way, as I look through the casts in the Sadler's Wells leaflets, I am struck by the difficulty presented to the intending visitor who wants to know who is singing what. A string of surnames, many by no means familiar, is slung at us pell-mell without distinction of sex or status. In theory the system is doubtless supposed to be egalitarian; in practice it is just muddling. Under "La Traviata" we find no fewer than ten names, and are obliged to guess the three principals. Surely the only clear and sensible lay-out is the old-fashioned one: sexes divided by a semi-colon, "La Traviata" is, so to speak, "Melba; McCormack, Scotti"; that is to say, in terms of Sadler's Wells today: "Fretwell; McAlpine, Sharp". If some lesser female members of the cast are slipped in after the Violetta, and some lesser male members of the cast after the two Germonts, no harm will be done. But the present system, which (except for division of the sexes) prevails also at Covent Garden, must puzzle even the initiated and drive the occasional visitor to distraction.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

KEEPING UP WITH THE GROVES

Advertisers being the exigeant teases that they are, it is more important for commercial television than for the BBC to secure continuity of viewing. This may be why, of the two, commercial lays more stress on the family-serial programme, TV's equivalent to the Dales and the Archers; for no type of programme is more compulsively habit-forming. So, on ITV, there are now two family serials daily, the well-established "Sixpenny Corner" and the new "One Family"; whereas the BBC is content to present "The Grove Family" every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

The strain of screening such a serial daily must be appalling. Writers, actors, and all concerned become totally immersed in their fictional life. It is worst of all for the actors: not only do they have to learn and rehearse a new episode every day, but they are increasingly identified in the public mind with the characters they play.

Some time ago a daily edition of "The Grove Family" was mooted. It was the actors who decided against it, hoping no doubt to be able to salvage some scraps of private life and free time; and in this they were surely wise. Even though they are seen only once a week, they are a national institution: commuters in trains discuss what's going to happen about Pat Grove as naturally as if they really were talking about the wayward daughter of a family next door; ITV audience-researchers and programme-planners found this attraction so formidable that they moved one of their strongest items, "Double Your Money", to clash with it; and ITV chiefs generally, recalling the ruthless timing of the BBC's elimination of Grace Archer, are said to shudder at the thought that some great future celebration of theirs may be overshadowed by national mourning for Grandma Grove.

It is presumably because its preparation is not unduly rushed, and there is reasonable time for rehearsal, that "The Grove Family" is the most polished of the serials. The fact that each episode lasts half-an-hour (by contrast with the ITV daily serials, which last only a quarter of an hour each) also makes possible a variation of pace and a coherence which the dailies lack. The occasional viewer can enjoy an evening with the Groves even if he has never encountered them before (particularly if it is one of the many evenings on which Grandma steals the show): to be plunged without briefing into the complex and loosely co-ordinated life of the Nortons of "Sixpenny Corner", their families and neighbours, is utterly bewildering. A "Sixpenny Corner" instalment is not a rounded and more or less self-contained episode: it is two or three rough-edged fragments of often rather troublesome everyday life, slung unlinked together; it just begins each evening at 7.06 and leaves off at 7.30, without apparent thought of pattern or climax.

The BBC being (bless it) what it is, the mœurs of the Groves are, on the whole, impeccable. A leading figure in a commercial serial can be living apart from her husband: she would hardly be invited to the Groves' trim villa. Within a fairly narrow range, real problems are dealt with: the problem of children who want to get married too young, or of a daughter who sets up in a flat on her own. But no shadow of political controversy or of culture is allowed to darken these snug lives.

Socially, the Groves (though strictly non-U: Pat Grove says "Pardon?") are a cut above the "Sixpenny Corner" families and also above the ironmonger's family depicted in ITV's lively once-a-week serial, "Round at the Redways". Mr. Grove is a private builder in a fair way of business. The "Sixpenny Corner" families keep a small garage, a small butcher's shop, a small hairdressing establishment. They quarrel, they go broke, they are harassed by boring or prying neighbours: they are less cosy than the Groves, and more apt to eat in the kitchen; but in ten years' time, one feels, they will have jacked themselves up to about the Groves' social level.

Somewhere between the Groves and the Nortons live "The Appleyards" - a BBC children's television family popular also with many adults. Culturally and socially, the Appleyards are an enigma: their accents vary, they have "lunch" at midday and dinner in the evening, spend their holidays at a seaside boarding-house, and write letters so rarely that, when one has to be written, a family conference takes place and the ink is found to be long dry. There is a "den" for the children, and the adolescent son has flying dreams. The Appleyards are at present being rested by the BBC: their return is eagerly awaited - not least because they sometimes convey moral lessons acceptable to parents. This is indeed, the only TV family with a faint streak of social consciousness: father stood for the Council, one episode exposed bogus auctions, a West Indian is asked in for the New Year party.)

ITV's new serial, "One Family", looks like setting some welcome precedents. This family, the Armstrongs, are at least less cosily suburban than the other TV families: they live in a large, rambling, obviously draughty old vicarage; they are less oppressively middle-class and decent than the Groves. "Mum" in this family is a Canadian: the Armstrongs have links with all parts of the Commonwealth. In some episodes real people will appear under their own names.

I still long, however, for the day when some TV producer will have the courage to put on a really unsatisfactory and eccentric family, aristocratic or proletarian: spendthrift, drunken, unkind to animals, dad a jailbird, mum a trollop. They might prove to be the Groves' first serious competitors.

TOM DRIBERG

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CORRESPONDENCE

OUR 25TH BIRTHDAY

Sir, - I want to send you a line of congratulation and thanks on the 25th anniversary of the N.S. & N. The humanity of the paper brings a sense of companionship. One loses any sense of being alone in the world. One meets a congenial friendly mind on nearly every page. That, no doubt, is why you have succeeded, even in the vulgar financial sense of that word, where other editors of leftish weeklies in the English-speaking world have failed. Massingham and Croley produced powerful and influential papers, but they lacked the companionable humanity of the N.S. & N. The queer thing is that though you are usually a pessimist in politics, one none-the-less has the feeling, throughout your paper, that life (if we can manage to survive) is worth living, and the world with all its follies a most interesting planet. One meets a friendly, likeable personality in your Diary, and somehow he manages to go on smiling, even when he's facing facts with both his eyes open.

Congratulations to you and the whole staff on producing last week a miniature paper well worth reading.

Amersham. NOEL BRAILSFORD

Sir, - It is not my habit to worry editors with unnecessary letters but I must congratulate you on getting my treasured "New Statesman" to your readers. A world without the "New Statesman" is an arid and inhuman desert. Thank you for last week's issue and thank you also for years of excellent reading.

Oldham, Lancs. JANE GREAVES

Sir, - Should the miserable printing dispute perpetuate itself, I suggest the story of the N.S. & N. can be summed up thus very shortly: "For a number of years now it has been the paper with all the wrong opinions and all the best contributors".

Poole, Dorset. GEORGE RICHARDS

NEW LOOK IN THE USSR

Sir, - Your comments on the 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party showed a quick appreciation of the new policies promulgated there. But it seems to me that your analysis could be a good deal more positive. This Congress is surely one of the most hopeful and most important events in recent world history. To put it in a nutshell: 1984 is a bad dream; there is sunlight at noon. There are of course those who always believed that in a less tense international situation and with a greater prosperity, the "disease of orthodoxy" (as the Webbs have called it) and the artbitrary powers of the Soviet police would gradually wither away. But for many Socialists, both inside and outside the Communist Party, there has been for many years now a tragic conflict between their desire to assist and defend the first great hopeful attempt at Socialist economic planning, and their more or less conscious fears that its very success might well lead to the disappearance of personal liberty and freedom of expression. Whatever our personal solution, this confliot weighed upon us all, indeed I would say, upon every sensitive person of our generation. We wanted Socialism and we wanted liberty, and it sometimes seemed as though we could not have both.

Now we can all of us begin to see this Stalinist period in its true perspective, not as the normal, permanent and inevitable type of regime emerging from Communist-led revolution, but as a temporary phase in the Socialist transformation of a very backward peasant country which has had to grapple with the immense problems of two cruel and devastating invasions, civil war and internation isolation. Your journal has been one of the sternest critics of many shortcomings of the Stalinist period. Is it not now your responsibility to welcome in equal measure the great and hopeful changes taking place?

But more than this, the 20th Congress was no less remarkable for its international implications. As you have so rightly said, the emphasis on new roads to Socialism (including parliamentary ones, now explicitly advocated in the programmes of the British, French and Italian Communist Parties) and on the importance of co-operation with Social-Democrats, means that there is now the chance of frank discussions between Communists and Social-Democrats. Such discussions are essential to establish confidence lost by so many tragic mistakes on both sides. I am well aware of the huge mountains of distrust on both sides and the real differences of opinion which, still exist, but I believe that the way is at last open for us to begin the reconstruction of a united Socialist movement in western Europe. I do not see how we can get peace, Socialism and liberty except by co-operation between Communists and Socialists. It will have come in the end, so can we not make a start now?

I may add that I have been a member of the Communist Party for more than fifteen years, but for professional reasons I must employ a pseudonym in writing to the press.

SPARTACUS

PRISONERS' PETITIONS

Sir, - In his article "When Justice Comes Unstuck" of February 4, Mr. Rolph has much to say about prisoners' petitions to the Home Office. In his third paragraph he says: "But what is known of the history of petitions from the prison cell to the Home Office does not encourage the belief that they are given much consideration or, indeed, regarded as having any purpose other than the letting-off of steam", and at the end of that paragraph there is a phrase "the scrap-paper status they now have". The allegation is that these petitions receive no proper attention in the Home Office.

It was one of my duties over a period of three or four years to assist in the work of considering petitions from prisoners. All petitions are registered when they arrive; each one is considered by a responsible officer of some standing and many are referred to senior officers. It is, of course, customary in every sphere to maintain that matters are always "carefully considered", and I am somewhat at a loss to know how to explain that this really does apply to the examination of petitions except by making it a personal issue. I am a solicitor by training and an academic lawyer by occupation, and I think that I know good and conscientious work when I see it. I have been through many hundreds of these papers and I know that the work has been done with care and often with great skill. The civil servants who do this are not just hacks - they have professional standards and a fine tradition of liberal thought, and that includes an understanding of the limits of executive action where the administration of justice is concerned.

Not all petitions relate to a prisoner's conviction or sentence; many are directed to other matters, e.g. transfer to another prison or release on compassionate grounds. Most of those which do relate to the prisoner's case are turned down because they relate to matters which have already been considered by the court of trial or the Court of Criminal Appeal. But where a prisoner does bring forward something new it was my experience that the Home Office would go into the case very thoroughly and would make the most careful enquiries so that the Royal Prerogative could be exercised if that course was shown to be justified, or the case could be referred to the Court of Criminal Appeal. But it has to be remembered that the Home Office cannot re-try cases. It is not for the Home Secretary to put himself in the place of the court and see whether he would have come to the same or a different decision. If the Home Office were to do that, which a number of people suppose it ought to do, it would either come into violent collision with the judiciary or virtually supersede much of the judicial function. That is a topic which cannot be enlarged upon here, but it is no abstract point: Lord Birkenhead, and others who have known both political and judicial office, have had no doubts about the care needed to avoid such clashes.

St. John's College, Cambridge. R.M. JACKSON

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE BOURGEOIS FAUN

Between Victor Hugo and ourselves the way is obstructed by the Romantic conception of Genius and idea of the Great Man. Both are alien to us. He remains one of those clouded mountains which we have not the energy to climb after our youth, but which we consider maliciously through the binoculars of biography from some contented site in the valley of all the talents beneath.

No better spy-glasses than those of M. Maurois. His accomplishment as a biographer is now immense and his new life of Hugo* is rich in detail, intimate, wise, sympathetic and delightful. He is the most solid of impressionists who brings diaries and letters into the text, in order to give his portraits the warmth of the human voice. He is serious but not heavy. He draws minor characters well. His irony encourages rather than deflates. It would be very simple to present Hugo as a handsome young egotist who grew into a hypocritical and ludicrous old pachyderm, to expose him as a bad father, an over-riding husband and a deceitful lover, a time-serving politician and a corrupt and prolific wholesale merchant of letters. M. Maurois remembers that he was a great poet, powerfully endowed and loved. The only criticism I have to make is the old one: that M. Maurois is no critic. He takes his great men ready-made and has no gift for expanding their work or for going beyond the well-known hum of conventional admiration. He delights in the lyrical poems but he does not enable us to make our way towards any contemporary appreciation of Hugo's rhetoric.

Why do we, for example, murmur the word Insincerity? Is it because we do not understand rhetoric? Or the Romantic movement? Have we too cold and mean a response to egotism? There is a point at which we dismiss "Les Misérables" and "Notre Dame de Paris" as high-class Dumas or the book of the film: have we made here a misjudgment about the nature of popular culture? Have we skipped the essential or the original merits of these books? We call "Les Châtiments" journalism: do we live merely in another century and fail to understand the mixed writers who pronounce on all occasions? We speak with indulgence of the taste for the gigantic and of the portrayal of character in strong black-and-white - M. Maurois does this too - but had Hugo's vision of genius a profound personal force that justified or, at any rate, impelled him to turbulent fresco painting? And how are we to judge that? M. Maurois, who knows his subject very well, notes these characteristics of course, but he is too acquiescent to expound them.

Hugo was one of the most profitably split-personalities that Nature has to offer us. The quarrels of his parents when he was young doubled his chances in life. He went to Spain, he went to Italy in the train of a high-spirited and quarrelsome mother who was convinced of the genius of her sons and was received by an erring father who had all the glamour of a Napoleonic soldier. He escaped conventional education. He was destined, he felt, for glory. (So also was his brilliant brother, but he went mad.) The split was already well-established by the unhappiness of his parents' marriage - he was to bestow the same split, though with duller results, on his own sons. Inexorably chaste and severe as a young man, a vigilant husband and tyrannical lover, he became a libertine who felt and aroused passion and, at last, in his eighties an old goat who seduced servant girls. His extraordinary virility gave him ecstasy and remorse: both emotions inspired good poetry. His sense of virtue was unimpaired and his gifts were unsullied by sin.

"Rarely," writes M. Maurois, "was a mind so divided. Within it struggled the temperament of a faun; his father's bizarre imagination ever seeking what was strange; the severe stoicism and classic taste of his mother; the love of glory and hatred of tyranny; high poetry with always a touch of madness in it; and those middle class virtues which were the more valuable, seeing that his instincts had so severely suffered from the violence done them by those of his flesh and blood."

* "Victor Hugo." By André Maurois. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Cape. 30s.

Hugo's egotism, unlike Tolstoy's, did not create a wilderness; it brought the women he loved to life; it made his company delightful; it captivated his family. He was a force of nature and, in the long run, triumphed simply because of this, and not because he was exigent and domineering - a man less passionate would not have dominated Juliette Drouet, or put a spell on the woman he loved lightly. Promiscuity dessicates, him it inflamed. One may be shocked at the fact that he changed his politics just at the right moment and that in sheer calculation of personal advantage he was unerring; what was wrong a moment ago became right the moment Hugo, ascending into the higher opportunism, decided it was right. In this one can only repeat Gautier's word that Hugo was always "an event", or Sainte-Beuve's remark on his power of "massive concentration". He had the hot if intolerable conviction of genius. And he had the right to that conviction. He worked continuously. He used all of his life. His energy was unflagging at the desk, in the theatre, in the salons, in the chamber and in bed. He welcomed, perhaps grandiloquently invented, suffering. His masochism stimulated ambition. He could see himself as a wounded Titan and he would enlarge private pain until it became prophecy, poetry or polemic. Even his long exile was a successful public suicide: it gave him new life for writing and saved him from the corruption of success in Paris. What saved him from megalomania? There was a dangerous moment in Jersey when he became voracious for spiritualism and had himself photographed "listening to God". M. Maurois points shrewdly to the counterweight in his character:

> "Such a state of mind might have been highly dangerous had not Hugo been saved in the first place by his power of artistic creation (from a fixed idea the artist constructs a work of art) and in the second, by the possession of a prodigious equilibrium. The dionysiac virility, which might otherwise have imperilled his mental balance, he expended in bouts of triumphant sensuality; in walking, in riding, sea-bathing and nocturnal expeditions ... After a night spent in communing with the spirits he could take his pen and describe to Emile Deschanel 'the damage done among the beans in his garden by his neighbour's geese ...'"

In his money affairs the genius became the bourgeois. He insisted that his wife and his mistress do their accounts every night as he did his; he was prudent, even close; he pretended to be poor when he fled to Brussels and created such a convincing impression of panic on this score that the Minister offered him three shirts. He accepted them. In fact, he was rich, but bourgeois enough to think that to touch one's capital was mortal sin.

Hugo has - all the Romantics had - a second personality, a figure conveniently detached and semi-divine into which they could retire at awkward moments. This sense of the double is what gives all of them their capacity for self-dramatisation. In Hugo, the double was a familiar of the Infinite. He describes "Les Misérables" as a drama in which the leading part is played by this accommodating being. So he could project his industrious ego into the great worlds of prophecy or regret.

The mixture of realism and theatre is seen at its best in the brilliant narrative of Waterloo in "Les Misérables", where the curtain rises and falls on a series of scenes which alternate eye-witness description with the judgments of history and of God Himself. He is dramatic in all these roles. The sudden rhetorical enquiry into the causes of the defeat of Napoleon, which we pause to listen to in the middle of the battle, calls up the cries of human suffering from "the abyss". The peroration fills out in Hugo's high style and at the point where its mysticism might burst with ideas that have become less and less explicit, the born dramatist abruptly closes it with an epigram: "Il gênait Dieu". For the old actor, the world is a dramatic piece; history and the gods come down and give him the leading part. His black-and-white world of good and evil, idyll and grotesque, gentleness and terror, pity and cruelty is not made of stage cardboard. It is well-rooted myth. For that reason "Les Misérables" is universal and has become familiar.

V.S. PRITCHETT

THE BEAST

I came to a great door,
Its lintel overhung
With burr, bramble, and thorn;
And when it swung, I saw
A meadow, lush and green.

And there a great beast played,
A sportive, aimless one,
A shred of bone its horn,
And colloped round with fern.
It looked at me; it stared.

Swaying, I took its gaze;
Faltered; rose up again;
Rose but to lurch and fall,
Hard, on the gritty sill,
I lay; I languished there.

When I raised myself once more,
The great round eyes had gone.
The long lush grass lay still;
And I wept there, alone.

THEODORE ROETHKE

MORE THAN LIFE SIZE?

"Last and First in Burma". By Maurice Collis. Faber. 30s.

Aung San is dead. He was assassinated. U Saw is dead. He was executed. Sir Paw Tun is dead. He died of a ripe old age. Of the four heroes of "Last and First in Burma", only Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith is alive to tell the tale. He could not have wished for anyone to record it with greater skill, affection and graciousness than Maurice Collis. For many years, as an independent-minded ex-civil servant, Maurice Collis has also written admirable historical novels about Burma. "Last and First in Burma" reads as attractively as any novel, but it contains an immense amount of historical research; the author had access to Sir Reginald's official and personal papers, to the very feminine diaries of his wife, to the jovial papers of his aide-de-camp, Eric Battersby. Imposing though the list of authorities consulted by Mr. Collis is, every student of Burmese affairs will regret that the vital documents on which his narrative is based are now deposited in the India Office Library where they cannot be seen by other historians for the next fifty years.

Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith's appointment by the War Cabinet as Governor of Burma was a surprise; he had not previously been associated with Burmese affairs. This was not altogether a disadvantage. He was no stuff-shirted proconsul and he believed in making friends rather than in encouraging stooges. But he seems not to have been adequately briefed on the Burmese political climate. In September 1939, the British Government had made Burma a participant in the war against Germany without asking whether or not the Burmese people wished to take part in it. The young, politically minded, nationalists - their leaders including Aung San and the present Prime Minister U Nu, calling themselves Thakins - promised their support provided the British Government gave a definite date by which Burma would have home rule. (There was then no talk of being outside the Commonwealth.) When no such pledge was forthcoming, the Thakins passed the now famous Tharawaddy resolution, calling, in effect, for open rebellion. They then organised their activities through the Freedom Bloc. The British replied by putting some of their leaders in gaol. They issued a warrant for the arrest of Aung San with a reward of 5 rupees. Thus, when Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith entered the grim, pompously Victorian Government House, many of the present Burmese Cabinet were in gaol or they were working underground, some of them receiving military training with the Japanese.

The new Governor arrived in May 1941 with no directive from the Cabinet to prepare for an invasion, nor any military representations in that sense. The Burmese Prime Minister, U Saw, was a moderate. The ice was quickly broken between him and Sir Reginald who "found something attractive in U Saw's rascality. Though crafty and violent, he had a curious charm; he was amusing, manly, warm and human". What was important was that the new Governor intuitively realised the need for an imaginative gesture. He sent U Saw to see Prime Minister Churchill. The British sun set in Burma when Sir Winston Churchill gave an emphatic "No" to U Saw's request for a date on which British pledges for Burma's dominion status would be implemented.

Two months later, Japan struck. Maurice Collis tells the story of the British withdrawal from Burma through the eyes of the Governor, his officials and his family. "The terrible trek," he wrote to Mr. Amery at the time, "is at once a story of great disaster and great achievement, of great heroism and great cruelty, animal selfishness and immortal chivalry".

When the time came to settle the guiding lines of Allied policy, the Governor in exile in Simla was naturally surrounded by British and Burmese officials who regarded the revolutionary nationalism of the Thakins as treachery to Britain. Sir Paw Tun, for instance, told Sir Reginald in August 1943: "They have no credit at all among the real Burmese people, that is to say apart from their own section of youthful, irresponsible and ill-educated men, who constitute a very insignificant minority whom the Burmese people undoubtedly consider to be the worst traitors to their country's interests". In 1946, his most intimate British advisers "assured him that the arrest of Aung San would clear the air. He had lost so much ground that few would care". The military took quite a different view; Lord Mountbatten and his colleagues knew how much Aung San and the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League had contributed to the defeat of the Japanese. The Cabinet itself seemed undecided; a telegram directing Dorman-Smith to arrest Aung San was cancelled immediately the warrant was made out but not yet implemented. In other words, Maurice Collis suggests that the Labour Government was in two minds in the early days of 1946. They also still considered the White Paper provided a feasible policy. When Mr. Attlee took the matter more firmly in hand and, having decided a new Governor was needed, accepted Lord Mountbatten's suggestion to appoint Sir Hubert Rance, Sir Reginald was ill and on the high seas. His biography - for "Last and First in Burma" is frankly a part of Sir Reginald's biography - includes some harsh words about his treatment by the Labour Government.

In his Epilogue, Maurice Collis suggests that for the role of liberator in Burma,

> "there was rivalry. Dorman-Smith planned for years in the hope of filling it. Mountbatten was not indifferent to its attractions. Attlee and the Labour Government recognised that it would suit them to perfection. On the Burmese side there were many competitors, Paw Tun for one, and U Saw for another. Yet the historical process which produced all these would-be liberators had its central figure in Aung San".

DOROTHY WOODMAN

THE EXISTENCE OF MR. STOKES

"Michelangelo. A Study in the Nature of Art". By Adrian Stokes. Tavistock. 25s.

The English world of art and criticism is the kind of place in which people can manage for decades on end to avoid a close look at what is before their eyes. If there is one thing more than another wrong with that world it is the dull vanity which allows it not to look directly even at a fact as remarkable as the fact of Mr. Stokes. Here he is, the author of, over more than a quarter of a century, eight or so most relevant books, the master of a continuous line of thought which now shows its fertility again. Artists know about him: a dozen of the best of them in a wide variety of styles have felt his influence. In public his influence is as little honoured as his achievement. There may be other winds as pure that the local weather-cocks have failed to mark. There may even conceivably have been other books as

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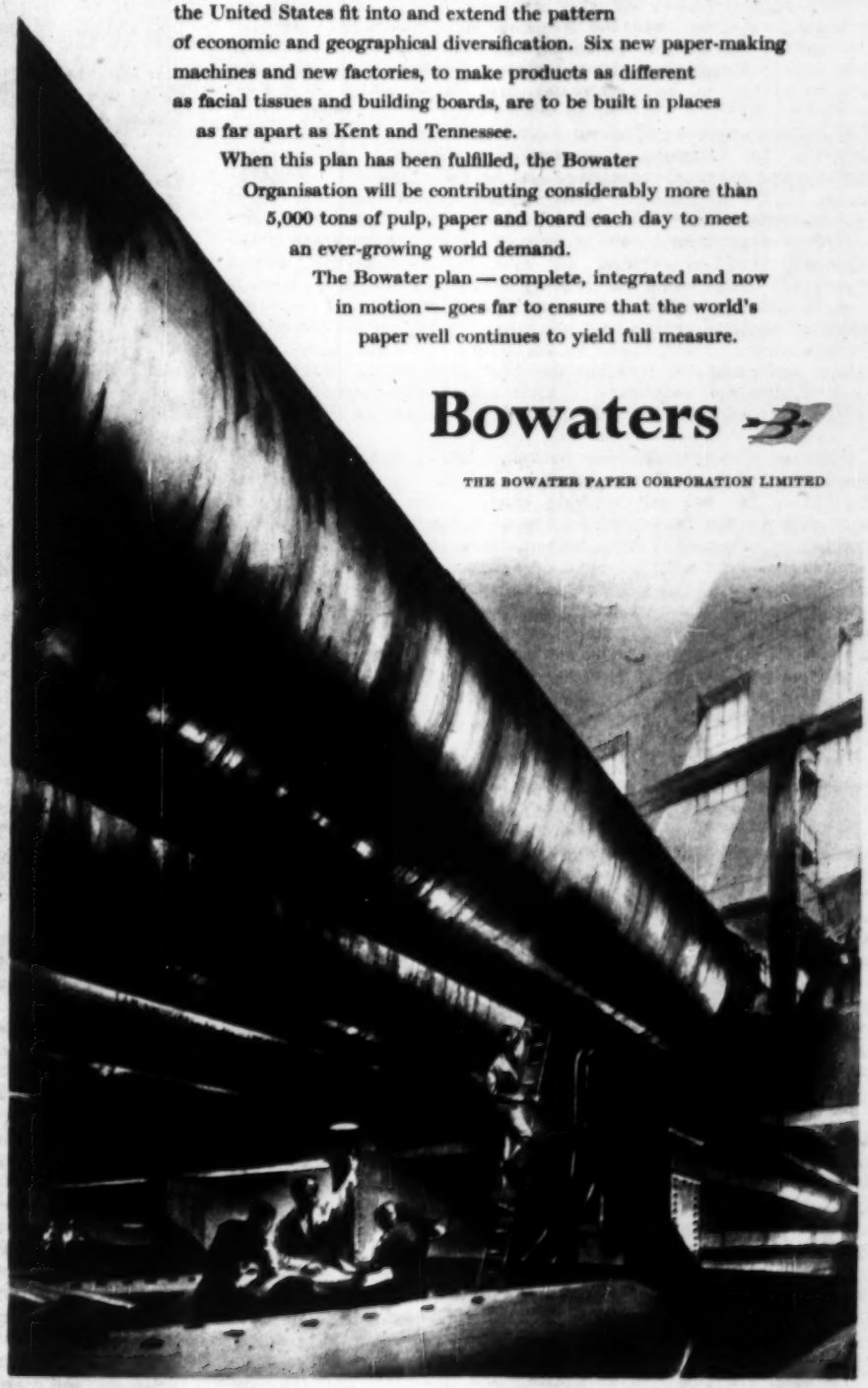

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good as this among those which that supplementary organ which broods over the literary scene and dwells willingly on so much dullness has recently buried among Books Received. But our neglect of Adrian Stokes is certainly impoverishing us. If any artistic people ever wonder why their world appears duller than they thought it, lacking in something of the real physique of art, here is one of the reasons. A very big figure is escaping, a figure with real imaginative muscles. He stands apart, his head, rather above the rest, richly furrowed and curled with far-seeing eyes, a figure brilliant yet benign. What matters is that when the kind of richness which Adrian Stokes offers is wanted, people should know where to find it, and that his point, when it is taken, should be taken from the source at full strength.

What is Mr. Stokes doing? His faculty is a faculty of detecting in the visible forms of art the nature of the standpoint, the inward attitude, of which they are the outcome - detecting and as instinctively sharing it. He may expound historical circumstances and the surface character of style incidentally, but he cuts across the conventions of history and style-criticism. His essential purpose is to recreate in language the emotional attitude that marries fantasy and material together, and to recapture its specific force. The attitude is always complex, and so necessarily is the exposition. Moreover, though there is a thread of consecutive argument, every part of the condensed and continuously vivid exposition is usually as essential as any other; the whole requires finally to be understood together, simultaneously, rather as one reads a picture. I cannot think of another critic who has this faculty to this degree, nor one whose standpoint is so naturally consistent, convinced and reckless, in the way that an artist's standpoint is convinced and reckless. This criticism possesses one (if it does at all) in the way that art possesses one.

A writer who extends a received notion of what language can do is likely to meet resistance, but the resistance to Mr. Stokes is not only of this kind. The difficulty lies much more in the fact that we are accustomed to use art, and particularly humanist art, more or less inadequately and incompletely. A stuffed skin of art, stuffed Michelangelo, preserving all the traceable lineaments, comes to displace in our minds the man himself. The point of Mr. Stokes's criticism is continually to make new channels from the human root up to the surface - to rediscover continually the life of art, as if there were no way to use art but to relive it. This does not flatter our preconceptions. The skin of art, competently stuffed, serves well the purposes of many in the business, and so it comes about that those most annoyed and grieved by Mr. Stokes are often the respectable historians who are his proper allies.

His devotion to his principle is constant, and so is the unpolitical courage with which he follows it. The recent development of his thought, culminating in this book - the most complete, perhaps, that he has ever written - is in character. He is out on a limb again, if only because no-one else has so pondered the implications of the fact that a capacity to understand art is dependent on a capacity to understand human beings. By comparison with the developed approach here, the previous attempts by respected hands to use psycho-analytic understanding in art criticism all appear superficial. The success is surely indisputable, though it may not conquer an invincible prejudice. The insight which is offered will penetrate anyway, just as the thesis of "Colour and Form", published nineteen years ago, has penetrated. Michelangelo's artistic personality - the nature which weighed perpetually passivity against action, weight against unencumbered freedom and suffering against omnipotence, incorporating female with male and life with death - has been profoundly read. It will be difficult to be content again with any view that does not look into its depth, or with one which does not see the man's life, his visual works and his poetry together. Here as a specimen is, not a conclusion, but one of Mr. Stokes's starting-points, the Redeemer in the "Last Judgment":

> "He half rises: his arms are flails. Wide as an ape, with electrifying precision he ordains parcels of humanity to the distant zones. He governs in himself an ethereal density which would belong even to a matchbox were it filled with material from the centre of the sun: yet he is brisk, gymnastic; the order and disorder of the hair suggest a serpent-quick intelligence ...The energy of this lavish flesh takes us unawares; we who are surveyors of Easter Island and of the dented meteorites of our own art."

Whoever would like to bury this, or would prefer that it had never been written, insults the richness of art and of criticism. Fortunately Mr. Stokes exists, and shows every sign of continuing to do so.

LAWRENCE GOWING

A HERO STILL

The Apostle of Liberty: A Life of La Fayette. By Maurice de la Fye and Emile Babeau. Translated by Edward Hyams. Thames & Hudson. 21s.

In this biography, which seems to me likeably intelligent but unlikeably smart, Lafayette appears on the whole as a rather ridiculous figure. I say "on the whole" because now and then the authors quite sonorously sound his praise, as if they had caught an unbidden whiff of la gloire. At one such moment Lafayette is celebrated as "the founder of Franco-American friendship, three times sealed in the blood of both nations..."; and the apocryphal chestnut of Pershing's "Lafayette, nous voici!" is brought out once more. But in general they portray him as a self-deceived doctrinaire, a man on horseback who always dismounts at the critical point. Poor Lafayette, what a mess he gets into: so high-minded, so ingenuous, so vulnerable to malicious nicknames and aphorisms. Indeed the authors show a good deal more respect for Louis XVI, or for Marie Antoinette, than for any of their opponents. The implication is that the French Revolution was a blind calamity. There is little mention of economic discontent, or of any "causes" other than abstract revolutionary sentiment. A food-crisis in Paris, preceding the march on Versailles of October 1789? "An absurdity," we are told. The Declaration of the Rights of Man (which Professor Goodwin has recently described as "realistic and even negative in its approach to the political problems of the moment")? "Purely theoretical," say the authors, "...worthless excepting to philosophers."

I do not criticize them as maintaining an anti-revolutionary view, but for their lack of any consistent view. Their book is an affair of vivid interludes, each often satisfactory on its own, yet in sum intermittent and confusing. This fault is in part an elementary fault of the book as biography: namely that it does not provide a full coherent picture of its subject. How much money did Lafayette have before, during and after the Revolution, and where did it come from? What were his relations with his wife, especially in the first part of their marriage? How did he manage to farm so successfully at La Grange? We are never told enough about these and other matters. Impressionism is all very well if it conveys an impression; but this book too often has the effect of a badly cut film. It flickers and jumps about. The translator does his best to help, with some useful footnotes. This must have been a difficult style, though, to put into English, and occasionally Mr. Hyams's version adds to our bewilderment ("To him entered suddenly the postmaster's daughter, who started, astonished").

More fundamentally, the book is weakened by levity of the wrong sort. Its wit and vitality are admirable: its irresponsibility is deplorable - and, one is tempted in heavy British fashion to add, characteristically French. If the pet British form of intellectual brutality is Lifemanship, the favourite French equivalent seems to involve fun at the expense of practically all figures in public life since 1789. No doubt both pastimes have their justification. But how cruelly inadequate they are, where serious problems are at stake. In France's history, caught between undesirable extremes, would-be moderates like Lafayette have been forced either to attempt to seize power or to back awkwardly away

from it. Do the authors really mean, as they seem to suggest, that Lafayette ought to have behaved like Bonaparte? Was he so foolish in dreaming of a constitutional monarchy? He was wrong, as the authors explain, in thinking that he might bring about in France what his mentor George Washington had accomplished in the United States. France was not America. But was he so wildly wrong, given the existing situation in France? America had wrought something of a miracle: why should not his own country? If he turned out to be miscast as a French Washington (or, perhaps better, Jefferson, whom he more closely resembles), there is a tragic and not an absurd irony in the circumstance. Lafayette is not a figure of farce, even if the play went on too long. He is a hero, in spite of the fact that so many bad poets have said so.

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

TENDENCY TO EXCITE

"Obscenity and the Law". By Norman St. John-Stevas. Secker & Warburg. 25s.

There must be something to be said for thinking up titles that will totally disguise new books, because so much tortuous ingenuity is expended on it. This book's title reveals exactly what it is about, and I suppose it had to do this; but it would be sad if a single reader were put off by the belief that it is a text-book. Essentially, you might classify it as Eng. Lit., but then you would be too solemn, for in places this short history of moral indignation's masquerade as literary criticism is wildly funny; and funniest is the long chapter on "The Victorian Conscience", the best thing in the book, which resharpens the scorn that recent apologists for the period have been at pains to soften. You can forgive Wilberforce and his Vice Societies, the Duke of Wellington and his Constitutional Association, Mudie's "Select" Library, and the first Mr. W.H. Smith, who kept such a gimlet eye on his bookstalls; and the fact that W.H.S. could thus acquire the nickname of "Old Morality" shows that there must have been a lot of fairly normal people travelling on the trains in the eighteen-fifties. But a man who could write this about "Endymion" could credibly have been the first man to shout that he neither knew or cared what a Keat was:

> "Not all the flimsy veil of words in which he would involve immoral images can atone for the impurity, and we will not disgust our readers by relating to them the sacrifices of vicious refinement by which, under the semblance of 'slippery blisses, twinkling eyes, soft completion of faces, and smooth excess of hands', he would palm upon the unsuspicious and the innocent imaginations better adapted to the stews."

Thus spake the British Critic, critically British in a way seldom achieved before or since. A year later it was gunning for the considerably more vulnerable "Don Juan" - "Such language as to forbid its entrance within the doors of any modest woman or decent man. Nor is it a history only, but a manual, of profligacy: its tendency is not only to excite the passions but to point out the readiest means of their indulgence".

"Tendency to excite" - this was to become a stern legal formula, because although you could hardly prove the excitement you could reasonably invite juries to smell out a tendency. The Hicklin judgment ("whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt...") embedded tendency in English law; and that solemn occasion is the natural climax in this perfectly balanced book.

The author's problem was stated bleakly enough by John Wesley in 1774, in a "Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems": "A great difficulty lies on those who are not willing, on the one hand, to be deprived of an elegant amusement, nor on the other hand to purchase it as the hazard of innocence and virtue". Elegant amusement is increasingly taken to exclude something called "dirt for dirt's sake", but as an invitation - almost a hostage - to the censor this obviously subjective phrase, drawing as it does prestige from its use by Judge Woolsey in the "Ulysses" case, could be as dangerous to literary freedom as any. Mr. St. John-Stevas himself looks occasionally as though he is coming very near to it, until you study the safeguards with which he proposes, in a Parliamentary Bill, to protect the literary artist. Thus the main conclusion he draws is that "the law should be invoked to suppress pornography, but should leave literary expression to be determined by prevailing standards of taste. It should draw a fundamental distinction" (how?) "between works written with a serious purpose and those which have no other aim than the making of money by exploiting and degrading the sexual passions". That differentiation is the basis of the Bill promoted by the Herbert Committee, which the Society of Authors called into being. And the Bill, which is here set out as an Appendix, comes as a suitable climax to the whole story. In a lively and typical Introduction Sir Alan Herbert, on the other hand, seems to favour the "dirt for dirt's sake" criterion. How does he know and what does he mean by dirt? This was the standard by which the Courts condemned Havelock Ellis and Punch awarded Swinburne the name "Swineborne"; and it is the arena in which comstockery and the fig-leaf fusiliers will always have to be fought. This delectable book by Mr. St. John-Stevas could be the turning point in a battle that started with Plato bowdlerising the "Odyssey" for little Greek readers.

C.H. ROLPH

SANCTA SIMPLICITAS

"The Archbishop and the Lady." By Michael de la Bedoyère. Collins. 16s.

The Lady is Mme Guyon; the Archbishop, Fénelon whom she instructed in the little way of death to the self and dedication to the disinterested love of God. The little way led Fénelon to the "disgrace" of being confined to his archdiocese of Cambrai, and to the condemnation of his book "Les Maximes des Saints" by Innocent XII. It led the lowlier and more vulnerable Mme Guyon to the Bastille. It led to the scandalous and immortal controversy between Bossuet and Fénelon, to a notable increase in the output of good French prose and to the beginning of the decline of the Church in France.

"The Archbishop and the Lady" is a straightforward account - the first extended one in English - of these events. Although its author modestly asserts that it is "very far" from being a work of scholarship, it has the essential merit of representing the careful and generally fair-minded use of a formidable mass of contemporary material. True, the author is apt to be a little credulous where Mme Guyon is concerned; apparently the disturbing influence which the prophetess exercised over her contemporaries is not yet exhausted. Thus he tells us that that unfortunate man M. Guyon, who "mercifully died" when the prophetess was twenty-eight, told her on his deathbed: "It is I who should ask your forgiveness. I was not worthy of you". Count Michael de la Bedoyère does not cite his authority for this edifying occurrence. Could it, conceivably, be the widow Guyon herself? Again, he tells us that the official theologian, Dr. Pirot of the Sorbonne, exclaimed when he first read Mme Guyon's suspect work, the famous "Moyen Court", that it was "tout d'or", absolutely sound - although "later he was to deny that he had ever said anything of the sort". But it seems from the narrative that the only witness to his alleged original exclamation was an interested party, Fénelon. One is hardly justified, on such evidence, in giving the lie to an official theologian - unless one believes, as Count Michael de la Bedoyère certainly does not, in some variant of Dorothy Parker's influential theory that "any stigma is good enough to beat a dogma". With this lack of wariness where the sources are concerned goes a certain insensitivity to tone. The seventeenth century did not lack the dimension of irony and our biographer is only

vaguely aware of the existence of that dimension. Thus Saint-Simon, speaking of the encounter between Mme Guyon and Fénelon tells us pithily that "leur sublime s'amalgama". This, according to Count Michael, might be translated: "they were one together on the heights..." The heights of Beverly Hills perhaps: Saint-Simon reduced to sub-titles and made safe for democracy to live with.

Within its limitations, which are those of holy simplicity, "The Archbishop and the Lady" is an extremely interesting book. It leaves us with the puzzle: why should the mildly Quietist tendencies of Fénelon (under Mme Guyon's influence) have led to such an extraordinary uproar? The whole answer is certainly not to be found in the theological order. Rome condemned the "Maxime des Saints" only reluctantly and - as Count de la Bedoyère makes plain - under heavy French political pressure. Bossuet, who led the attack in France, seems to have known, in the beginning, little or nothing about the matter in dispute: he learnt as he went along, solvitur fulminando. As for Mme de Maintenon and her husband, their views were more influential than informed. On the human plane motives can plausibly be imputed: Bossuet's jealousy at the rapid ascent of his noble and brilliant rival, Mme de Maintenon's jealousy at another woman's spiritual ascendancy over Fénelon. As for the King, we can easily understand that the idea of disinterested love would seem to him both dangerous and repulsive: a system of rewards and punishments should be the mainspring of the Church as of the State. And what Prince would not prefer Bossuet to Fénelon, loyal eloquence to unpredictable subtlety? There are motives enough, perhaps, yet one has an uneasy feeling that one is translating: these people may have felt something like that, but they did not think in these terms. Their personal interests and feelings, their religious and temporal hopes, were intertwined in a way that we can only guess at. Modish comparisons with the atmosphere of a modern totalitarian state are of little help: a godless dictatorship is very different from an absolute Christian monarchy, and the personalities which it forms are much less rich and complex. It is the richness, the more-than-lifesizeness, of the protagonists in the struggle round Fénelon that holds us, and the merit of "The Archbishop and the Lady" is that some of that richness comes through.

DONAT O'DONNELL

SALES TALK

"History in a Changing World." By Geoffrey Barraclough. Blackwell. 18s.

History remains the most popular choice for a general education, despite the competition of economics and Eng.Lit. Yet professional historians seem to fear that they will soon be out of a job unless they can show that their study has some immediate, practical use, like, say, nuclear physics or town-planning. "Study history," they cry, "It will do you good." And so it will, but not in the way that Snibbo does. A knowledge of history will neither cure indigestion nor produce a foolproof answer to Communism. It will not even make men more sensible than they were before. Some wise men have studied history; this is a very different thing from claiming that the study of history makes men wise. Men only get from history what they put into it. Sir Charles Oman, an admirable historian, was one of the silliest members of parliament ever known; and all that Dr. G.M. Trevelyan learnt from history was to become a supporter of the National government. Is there a single case of a historian changing his religious or political convictions as the result of his studies? Quite the contrary, the historian finds in history the confirmation of his existing prejudices. When the world changes, our interpretation of history changes with it; not the other way round.

Professor Barraclough has been explaining the "relevance" of history for the last ten years; and he has now brought his essays together. Many of his ideas are brilliantly exciting; some, to my mind, less carefully considered. For instance he is inclined to suggest that because a thing is dead now it has been dead always. He emphasises again and again that since 1945 Russia and America have been the only Great Powers and that the European Balance of Power has disappeared. Correct. But does it follow that we should rewrite history solely from the angle of Russian and American relations with Europe and should discard the Balance of Power as something that never existed, a mere blunder imposed upon us by Ranke? Professor Barraclough is contemptuous of those who take Bismarck's Europe seriously. We ought apparently to fix our eyes on the steppes or the prairies. But surely we are talking about two different sorts of history. What Bismarck did in 1870 was more important for the men of 1870 than what was happening in San Francisco or Odessa; though maybe (I am not even sure of this) what was happening in San Francisco or Odessa is more important for us now.

Take the obvious analogy with classical Greece. Anyone who wrote a history of the Greek city-states after their conquest by the Roman republic without mentioning Rome would obviously be wasting his time; this does not alter the fact that it would be pointless to try to bring Rome into a history of Athens in the time of Pericles. If I treat Sweden as more important than Russia or America in the seventeenth century, Professor Barraclough accuses me either of liking the Swedes or of thinking that Sweden is more important than Russia or America now. Not at all. I merely think that Sweden was more important then. Suppose the Chinese conquer Europe in fifty years' time. Would this knock the sense out of books of European history that do not mention the Chinese? It is one thing to say that our view of the past changes in the light of the present; quite another to claim that the past itself changes. Historians are rather in the position of a man walking round a cathedral. He sees at one moment Romanesque architecture, at another Perpendicular; but he cannot see Palladian, however fashionable it may be. And, what is more, the cathedral is still there, even when no one is looking at it.

It is not enough to show that some factor is "relevant" to us; we have to show that it was "relevant" to its own time. The present impact of Russia has reminded Professor Barraclough that historians distort the middle ages when they leave out the Byzantine Empire. A stimulating idea, and probably a true one. But it cannot be proved by pointing to the present influence of Russia. It can only be proved by contemporary evidence, and Professor Barraclough does not know enough about the Eastern Empire to be able to prove it. Generalising again without a firm background, he falls into the common error of treating Russia as the heir of Byzantium. But the distinguishing mark of a civilisation is its alphabet. "Europe" is simply the geographic area which uses the Latin script; and the proof that Russia has a related, but not the same, civilisation is her use of Cyrillic. Equally this divides Russia from Byzantium. The only heirs of the Eastern empire are the Greeks; and their inheritance has been so much pillaged that there is probably not much for them to inherit. Let us study Byzantine or Russian history by all means; but let us also beware of claiming that European history cannot be understood without them. Must we really dismiss Louis XIV and Napoleon and Bismarck as "neolithic figures" and spend all our time with Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar, on the guess that World States are the winning card? Professor Barraclough seems to think that not merely should we write history with one eye on the present, but that we should try to anticipate the future. The future has a way of turning out quite different from what we expect; and a Swiss historian who goes quietly on with the history of his canton may be the one most secure for immortality.

The reader will see that I have found exciting and provocative ideas in Professor Barraclough's book. He is very good in producing ideas about history; less good, I think, in suggestion how the past should be studied. And, in the last resort, I believe that this attempt to justify history is a great mistake. History needs no justification other than itself. Like music or poetry, it is its own justification. It satisfies a basic human need. There is no more sense in asserting that history exists in order to serve the community than there would be to claim that the community exists in order to serve history. The only thing we learn from history is that nothing is as white or as black as it is painted. Despite this, men go on painting, historians included.

A.J.P. TAYLOR

THESE CHARMING PEOPLE

"Girl in May." By Bruce Marshall. Constable. 13s. 6d.
"The Summer-House." By Rosemary Harris. Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.
"Friends at Court." By Henry Cecil. Michael Joseph. 12s.6d.

By temperament this reviewer is far more friend than foe to the popular novel - the genuine popular novel, that is, deriving from genuine Edwardian forbears, those Nelson red-backs and sevenpenny classics of long ago that George Orwell affectionately labelled the Good Bad Books. The vintage years of the popular novel cover the period 1900 to 1930 - the age of "Q", Buchan and A.E.W. Mason, of E.F. Benson's Lucia series and the golden girls and lads of "Sinister Street". In those days the most insatiable novel reader could enjoy a splurging good time at Mudie's for fifty-two weeks in the year and never once feel he was receiving short weight for his money.

Mr. Bruce Marshall writes in the centre of this generous cut-and-come-again tradition. "More navel than millinery" pronounced Sir Herbert Tree on the first night of "Chu Chin Chow" and I suspect that something very like this is the secret of Mr. Marshall's formula. Though he has occasionally abandoned it, most of his books have been a skilful blending of navel and ecclesiastical millinery, a titillating mixture of sexy sugar-icing poured into a Gladstone bag stuffed with the paraphernalia of a clerical outfitter's - chasubles, rochets, Roman collars. As Mr. Marshall has a strong sense of humour and is a good story-teller, the recipe (it derives plainly from the Compton Mackenzie of "The Altar Steps") is not as nauseous as it sounds.

Yet it has its limitations. Mr. Marshall has already produced two of the whimsiest old clerical bumblers in English fiction since Parson Adams - one a Scot, the other a clerk of Paris - and in "Girl in May" he proffers a third, this time an Anglo-Catholic, Canon H.W.G. Dunmoodie, M.A. (Oxon), Rector of St. Mungo's. The time is 1917 and the setting is St. Andrew's. Watson, a theological student, is in love with "Bumpie", the Canon's daughter. The book is little more than an account of their spirited but thwarted love-making, carried on in the midst of a mopping and mowing assortment of clerics and a comic red-nosed Bailie. There is a good deal of horse-play, much facetious dialogue ("hoots mon" laced with mock-French), a theological golf-match and Mr. Marshall's usual leavening of old songs - a device for inculcating period atmosphere that he has brought to a fine perfection. (a round dozen favourites are listed in an acknowledgment note.)

Watson fails to win his "Bumpie": he turns R.C. and becomes a bishop instead. The following passage from the epilogue is Mr. Marshall at his most cloying:

> "The Bishop took the thurible from the grey-haired Little Wee Stuartie and sent pale blue puffs floating up to the Host. Grasping the stem of the monstrance in the humeral veil, he held God high above the horny hands, wheezing chests and limbs acceptable to embracements of flesh and allurements of smells, trying to bless them into being good for the rest of the evening."

Miss Harris's first novel is a brave attempt at incursing into the silver fork territory long ago consolidated by Miss Mitford. Laura, a leggy Cinderella who reads Verlaine but has a good seat on a horse, seems condemned to a tomboy's life in the stables by her crass, self-indulgent father. Summer finds her restless. She hurls Verlaine into the lake and strolls listlessly into the house where she finds her Aunt Bridget's cousin, Sebastian - a large bear-like intellectual ("a scholastic Napoleon") with a gift for pretty speeches and a knack of pawing any attractive young woman who happens to be around. He seduces Laura but fails to marry her, after which we take ship for France where the book rather goes to pieces. Miss Harris writes amusingly, with a lively if superficial eye for her Uncle Matthew background. Like Mr. Marshall and so many others, her book has a surfeit of charm and a complete lack of edge - the two obsessive faults of the popular novel today.

"Friends at Court", Mr. Henry Cecil's new legal saturnalia, is chockful of the same vices. "Law makes long spokes of the short stakes of men" sang William Empson in a famous poem. While no one expects Mr. Cecil to provide such a majestic indictment, it is, I think, fair to assume that a satire on the workings of British justice, however light-hearted, should contain some satirical matter. I enjoyed Mr. Cecil's earlier book, "Brothers in Law", enormously but in this sequel the comic inspiration seems to have withered. The farce has turned to facetiousness, the characterization become flat professional bonhomie. "Here we are again, happy as can be, all good pals and jolly good company!" That terrible concert-party lead-in seems to be the refrain of Mr. Cecil's new book. For such a talented comedian, it is not nearly good enough.

JOHN RAYMOND

SHORTER REVIEWS

"Peter the Great." By C. de Grunwald. MacGibbon & Kee. 21s.

This is the best book yet written by that accomplished biographer Constantin de Grunwald. The early chapters paint a picture of old Russia which resembles a set at Covent Garden rather than the reality. But thereafter everything is admirable. Peter the Great was perhaps the most extraordinary man who has ever occupied a throne - extraordinary in his violence and brutality, but extraordinary also in his achievements, one of the few men who has changed the course of history. This book does full justice to him. It can be read with profit and enjoyment by western readers and yet could be translated into Russian for use in Soviet schools. Praise could go no further.

A.J.P.T.

"A Plough on the Mountain". By Lawrence Morgan. Odhams. 12s. 6d.

"A period in some sort of wilderness is essential for many people," writes Lawrence Morgan. Those who prefer turning anchorite by proxy will enjoy this story of his purchase of a hill-farm in the land of his fathers. All the therapeutic ingredients are included - space, silence, solitude, and the radical satisfactions of rediscovering and restoring places choked and mildewed with neglect. Here for a twelve-month all problems are soluble and every stone kills two birds. The pigs dig up bracken-roots, the cows refertilise sick fields, the potatoes massacre weeds; bacon, milk, and butter appear almost as a bonus. Here too that basic human lust for getting something for nothing can be innocently assuaged without the taint of spivvery. You strike peat as a Texan strikes oil; find fourteen pigs grunting where one grunted yesterday; and implements bought dirt-cheap from unluckier neighbours would have rotted unsold without your bid.

Mr. Morgan doesn't hide the exasperating perversity of which animals and inanimate things are capable, nor deny the stupefied evenings after toil when all his thousand books meant nothing to him. He is practical, intelligent, determined. His book would have been more useful if he had been franker about the amount of capital and training he possessed at the outset and had waited longer than a year before writing it; but for anyone who can bring to it youth, health, courage, experience, a woman, and a few thousand pounds, clearly this is the life.

E.M.

WEEK-END COMPETITION

No. 1,368

Set by C.L. Drummond

Competitors are invited to provide extracts from an intimate journal - of the kind that deals in sensitivity, neurosis and unvoiced ambition - kept by a soccer player in a team still in the Cup, a Boat Race oarsman, a Grand National jockey or a Rugger international. Limit 150 words; entries by Monday, March 26.

Result of No. 1,356

Set by Peter Pastmaster

Walk on air do we? And how!
With the panther's pad, with his likeness
Never did members conspire till now
In such whole gladness ...

The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt from a self-congratulatory ode on Mr. Auden's election to the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford.

Report

"No Audenary feeling" penned Alasdair Aston. "What bliss to be one up on Chris!" chortled John Myers. Austin Baker earned high marks for his early vintage third verse:

Though the roof of the Radcliffe comes off like a lid,
You won't ever find this American kid
In sight.
For one thought within me lurks like the worm
In the rose - that in England, once every term,
I must stay the night.

This was typical of a really brilliant entry, which gave the setter a good deal of trouble in appraising. Three guineas to J.R. Freestone for a near-perfect parody of the "Another Time" period, a guinea-and-a-half each to Ronald Mason and Christine Greenfield, and a half-a-guinea to Austin Baker. Runners-up: Trooper Jones, A.M.P., Leslie Johnson, A.M. Sayers and Annie Allen.

How right Uncle Matthew was - the causes were all lost,
The enchantments had dwindled to an irreducible minimum,
And Uncle Sig had attributed embarrassing significances
To the spires as well as the dreams;

Yet often he would hear, turning somersaults on the campus,
Overbearing the salesmanship semester and the thesis on Melville,
And the innocent dog-like eyes of the crew-cut sophomores,
A belling voice cry, "Come. I am You. I am Home."

"Come back, an intolerably raffish Scholar-Gipsy,
Sit in Uncle Matthew's chair and call him a liar
Spread sweetness and light to confound his implicit "negations."
And so this is He. He is Here.

J.R. FREESTONE

He has come back at last, the boy with the inky fingers,
Who scrawled on the lavatory walls and frightened his granny
By roaring his inexplicable
Songs in the bathroom, grubby, embarrassing visitors,

Ran off to sea without warning or explanation,
Wrote long letters home in a mixture of languages,
Acquired an undoubtedly foreign
Accent, was given up for lost but can now cook a snook

At the smooth F.O. type and the bard-intoxicated professor
By sanction of his granny who taught him his tables,
Cuffed him and feared him and lost him, and now will be taught in her
Turn to suck eggs.

RONALD MASON

Summon the sun and strike the prophets dumb:
Manacle the moon and let the plumber come:
He wasn't down to dance or open a bazaar,
But he caught his particular falling star.

To History it wasn't an important choice:
Events didn't shout enough to lose their voice:
But to him it was the core, the summit and the coast,
His evening slippers and his morning toast.

Time is being sick on the flying trapeze,
Indifferent as a hearse to the verse on its knees:
But he hung his hat up on the morning star,
And burst a balloon over America.

CHRISTINE GREENFIELD

City Lights

ONE MORE RIVER

Glubb, glubb! One can almost hear the false excitement of the announcer's voice as he pages through the Scrapbook for 1956. The Continent watches sterling go down, rejoicing. Oil shares flop alarmingly, and the gilt-edged market goes sour at the very moment when the Treasury proposed delicately to foist a £300 million issue on the banks.

A hint of Russian intrigue in the Middle East is the perfect sauce to a dinner of Forsytes and Consols. A 5½ per cent Bank Rate by itself takes us back to grandfather's day, and the monotonously-repeated news of short-time working in the motor industry strikes a nostalgic note. This peculiar mixture of the past and the up-to-date, of recession in the headlines and general boom in fact, produces giddiness. The City, like the government, is no longer quite sure where it is or where it is going. The discount houses, who were declaring a few weeks ago that another rise in the Bank Rate would ruin them, are charging the Treasury a high rate for its bills. As a result, they are getting only a small proportion of the bills available, but it is quite possible that even this small proportion is as much as they can carry at the moment. The banks have put all their conventional rates up an automatic 1 per cent, but do not seem decided what to do next. Advances rose again last month; with no target for a further reduction it is difficult to know what to aim at. Nor have they, as I write in the first week of March, received any guidance on the vexed question of liquidity. The recent £300 million issue, though it will affect the point, is primarily a first step towards dealing with the large issue of War Bonds which matures in the summer. In the stock markets, government issues have been firmer until Nasser spoke - but industrial stocks have been constantly uneasy. The air is full of uncertainties. It is too early to buy good stocks and too late to sell bad ones. When Sunday gossip-columnists are hinting that the Russians may offer to lend Mr. Macmillan $100 million of gold, anything can happen. So, on the Stock Exchange, nothing does.

Everything now is being left until the budget. Nobody is looking for anything but a harsh dose next month, but by that time the economic situation may be clearer. Budgets are coming into their own when we have three of them in a year; at least the Conservatives are turning fiscal policy into a flexible weapon.

TAURUS

Company Meeting

NATIONAL BANK OF INDIA

The annual general meeting of The National Bank of India, Ltd., will be held on March 27 in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated Statement by the Chairman, Mr. J.K. Michie for 1955:-

Our balance sheet again reflects expansion, the total of our consolidated figures being £168,653,013 against £162,031,432 at 31st December, 1954. This trend is much more likely to be reversed than continued during 1956.

After full provision for taxation, bad and doubtful debts and other necessary reservations our consolidated net profits are £421,839 against £385,923 for the previous year. The two dividends declared total 15% which is the same rate as for 1954.

Of the resultant balance as last year £75,000 has been transferred to Premises Account and £85,000 has been allotted to Contingencies Reserve Account against £70,000 last year. The balance carried forward has been increased by £15,892 at £342,158.

The Bank rate has been hoisted to 5½% and other measures taken aimed to restrict spending. As a British overseas bank our interest in the economic measures taken by this country lies partly in the repercussions they have elsewhere. For instance, it is vital that the United Kingdom should be able to continue to make important contributions to the Colombo Plan and to other similar developments within the Commonwealth as well as to expand its investments abroad through private enterprise. If we cannot do these things we shall lose our place in the markets and in the regard of the countries concerned.

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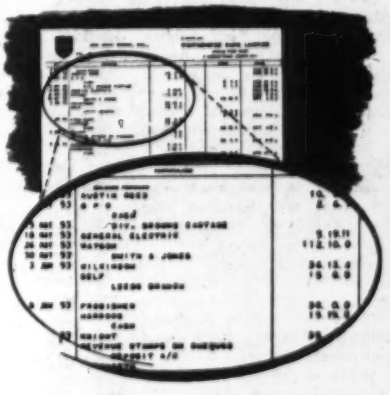

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PERSONAL

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YOUNG lady, mid 20's, part-time globe-trotter seeks companion (f) for 15-day holiday to Greece September. Box 2963.

AUTHOR writing travel books (res. Pembs.) touring Wales this summer by car, offers free holiday to typist (m. or f.) in exchange sec. help. Box 2970.

HONS. Graduate, 34, with capital available, would welcome suggestions concerning active partnership in Scholastic or Tutorial organisation in London or Home Counties. Spanish territories, Italy or Switzerland also considered. Box 2745.

3 SEATS Hillman March 27 Venice, April 15 London, share expenses. Box 3182.

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ENGLISH family Rome offer furnished house to let 6 weeks June, July, August. 3 bedrooms, 2 living rooms; hot water; refrigerator; washing machine, garden. £10. weekly including gas, electricity. Daily maid avail. Box 2888.

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FRENCH family, 5 young children, would exchange house with garden, Versailles, 30 min. centre Paris, month August, with house in countryside or seaside, England. Write: 5 rue du Parc de Clagny, Versailles, France.

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TEENAGE Holidays. Stimulating & interesting courses in acting under professional staff. Theatre Club, London, W.1., and Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey. Easter & Summer 8, 10 or 14 days. Director: Marian Naylor. Syllabuses from Registrar: Mrs. L. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

EASTER in Italy: Florence-Pisa-Siena-Rome; 15 days 35 gns.; or Florence-Pisa-(Siena); 11 days, 29 gns. Dept. March 28, July 28, and August 26. Also Art Tour of Venice and Florence regions 40 gns., dept. July 28. Details (s.a.e., please), E.T. Association, c/o World University Service, 59 Gloucester Place, W.1.

BOYS & girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter, Elizabeth Strachan, Hele 390.

RIMINI. Sunshine, finest beaches in Europe. 15 days at Hotel Britannia from 41 gns. Air, 31 gns. Rail. Dontours, 130 Crawford St. London, W.1. WELbeck 4796.

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COME to Moscow! Progressive Tours offers several exciting holidays in the Soviet Union, Bulgaria and Hungary this year. Moscow for May Day, 19 days, £115 all in. Other trips during June, July, August. Join Bulgarians at their favourite Black Sea Coast resort. 16 days, £55 12s. Budapest and Lake Balaton, 15 days, £53. Send 2½d. stamp for free brochure. Progressive Tours Limited, (N.S.1), 100a Rochester Row, S.W.1.

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PERSONAL - continued

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LAKE Como - Experienced traveller forming small party of 15 has 5 vacs. for fortnight's stay in 1st cl. hotel from June 9. Air & 2nd. cl. rail. DER 9412 (Evgs.) or 1½d. stamp to Box 3090.

PERSONAL - continued

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FOREST School Camps. Introductory crse. April 3-9 for those wishing to join the staff of these co-ed Summer camps for children of all ages. Details from Mrs. S. Powesland, 26 Chicago Ave., Gillingham, Kent.

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DUTCH Local Government. Limited number non-members accepted for N.A.L.G.O. Summer school, April 28 to May 9, near Arnhem. Lectures on local government, tour of bulb fields, visits and excursions. Details from N.A.L.G.O., 1 York Gate, N.W.1.

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SUMMER Film School, British Film Institute, August 18-31. Ripon College, Yorkshire. Beautiful surroundings, comfortable single rooms. Attractive lecturing, film and film-making programme. Details from B.F.I., 4 Gt. Russell Street, London, W.C.1. MUSeum 0581.

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ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. Day school for boys and girls of 4 to 14. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

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BLENHEIM Farm, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Comfortable accom. and good food. 5½ gns. wk. Easy train journey from Charing Cross. Riding stables. Coarse fishing. Tel. 148.

TOTNES, Devon, Seymour Lodge. Props.: Mr. & Mrs. D. Brice. Enjoy your holiday in comfort. Excellent food. Ideal centre.

ARDAPROCH, Ballachulish. Mountain Centre for Glencoe. Holidays during May, 90s. weekly. s.a.e. for details.

MODERN Veget. Guest Hse. Children wels. All comforts. Bed & Bkfst. Full Board. Terms dly. "Bon Sante," 23 Pinecliffe Ave., Southbourne, Bournemouth.

PENDINE Sands. Homely comfortable accommodation, beautiful country and coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce, 6 gns. Special terms for family party. Tel. Pendine 226. Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire. No vacancies July 28 to Sept. 1.

MEVAGISSEY, Cornwall. Guests welcome, charming old house 3 mins. sea. Veg. if reqd. Bed, bkfst., evg. meal: 5-6½ gns. Full board till July & from Sept. by arrangement. Terms children, Lawn House, Church Lane.

ACCOM. aboard the houseboat "Estella" moored nr. centre of Rye. Spacious lounge, sundecks, bathrm. with c.h.w. Sing. & dbl. cabins. 12s. 6d. bed & breakfast. R. Wilding, "Estella", Strand Quay, Rye, Sussex.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front gnds., Putting Green, Garages, Superlative food. 7½-8 gns. Summer 9-11 gns.

SWANAGE Vegetarian Guest Hse. O'lkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children wels. Brochs: "Haveney," Park Road, Tel. 2804.

DEVON. Guest hse. 3 acres grnds. Peaceful yet centl. Packed lunches. Own Produce. Fr. 5 gns. Hayman, Bossell, Buckfastleigh.

BCCK holidays now in lovely Connemara. Modern licensed guest house. H. & c. bedrooms. Excellent table, bathing, boating, fishing, motoring available. Terms mod. Broch., Mrs. Grenville Holms, Dooneen House, Letterfrack, Co. Galway, Ireland.

WHERE TO STAY etc. - continued

DEVON South. 16th Century Guest House overlooking sea. Beautifully furnished & fully modernised. Excel. cuisine. Pers. attention. Brochure. Glen Cottage, Strete.

BESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads for happy holidays. Surrounded by lovely Lakeland scenery. Good food. Brochure. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

RYE. The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A. approved, licensed. A well-liked holiday hotel. Reopening March 24.

WEST Bay, Dorset, 2 double rooms, every convenience, one min. sea. Dinner, bed & breakfast, 6 gns. Bridport 311911. Box 2581.

STRUAN House, Carrbridge, Inverness-shire. Comfortable country house; large garden. Ski-ing with Austrian instructor; all grades including beginners; skis, boots, transport for hire, musical evenings, ping-pong, etc. Excellent centre, walking, climbing in Cairngorms; motoring in Highlands, golf, fishing, swimming. Brochure. Tel. 242.

YOUNG graduate couple welcome few guests in delightful modern farm. Beautiful country. Good food, cream daily. Joan & Alan Marsden. Uplands, Winscombe, Somerset.

ARTIST/Farmer, wife, offer holiday accom. to others of similar ilk. March/September. Farmhouse fare. Terms 5 gns. p.w. Write or 'phone. Austen-Hall, East Coombe Farm, Huish Champflower, Taunton. Wiveliscombe 439.

ROSELAND, Cornwall. Small comf. guest house on sea edge. Safe bathing. Lovely sands. Mrs. Job, "Tirva", Veryan. Tel. 350.

WEST Coast of Ireland. Spend your holidays here this year and enjoy the sea, mountain and country air. Terms from Avondale House, Mallaranny, Co. Mayo.

MAJORCA. Soller. Hotel Costa Brava offers ideal Winter & Summer holiday conditions. Perfect sailing and swimming from private beach. Excel. French cuisine. 30 priv. bathrooms, central heating, from 6 gns. week.

RIVIERA. Private domain between St. Tropez & Ste. Maxime. Young Anglo-French couple will joyfully receive English couples in their beautiful villa. Exclusive beach, golf, tennis. Every comfort, acres private forest, sun terraces, grand salon, panoramic views. Gay but restful, reasonable, no extras, freedom, privacy. Write soon. Box 2541.

BED, Breakfast and Bus Guide 3,000 recommended addresses in England, Wales and Scotland for bed and breakfast and novel index of principal bus operators in England and Wales. Invaluable for motorists, cyclists, walkers. 2s. 3d. post free. Send P.O. to Ramblers, 48 Park Road, London, N.W.1.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels, on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and countryside, with supplementary Mini-Guide listing over 500 friendly halts for Bed and Breakfast, 5s. post free. Victor Hilton, Harbourside, Torquay.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUSeum 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

ABOLISH war? But how? Read "The Parliamentary Path to Peace", a 36-page booklet published by the Parliamentary Group for World Government, House of Commons, S.W.1. Supported by 131 M.P.s & Peers. 1s. 4d. post free.

THE Nation.America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2.16s.3d. yearly may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile,London,W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Inform. & literature from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage, Crewkerne, Somerset.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased.Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

UNESCO Courier. Lively internat. mthly. mag. Covers Arts, Sciences, Racial educ. problems. Tech. Assistance, archaeology, etc. Brilliant illustrations. Of world appeal inc. U.S.S.R. Eng. edn. 8s. yr. Subs. to D. Hardman, Bankyfield, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex.

BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS - continued

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Road, N.W.8. MAI 3080.

SYDNEY Silverman, M.P., on the Bulganin-Khrushchev visit to Britain. Lena Jeger, M.P., on Cyprus; Esme Percy on Bernard Shaw; Gordon Schaffer on the threat of the arms race in B.P.C. Newsletter ready this weekend. Price 4d. a copy or 3s. 6d. per year from B.P.C., 81 City Road, E.C.1.

LABOUR Monthly for March: Unpublished Marx family letters on the Paris Commune; "Does Labour Deserve Gaitskell?" (J. Klugmann); "What Now in France?" (P. Fryer); "Crisis and Contrast" (R. Page Arnot); Andrew Rothstein on E.P. Thompson's "William Morris"; etc., etc., 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly subscription from NS134, Ballards Lane, N.3.

HISTORIC Houses and Castles open to the public, revised 1956 edition. Illustrated Guide to over 300 Houses, Castles & Gardens. Opening times, admission charges, catering facilities and map. Companion volume "Museums & Galleries" listing 650 collections with a comprehensive subject index. Each 3s. post free. Index Publishers Ltd., 69, Victoria St. London, S.W.1.

WORDS in the News: Inflation: the act of inflating; the condition of being inflated: (rare) afflatus, inspiration: turgidity of style: undue increase in quantity of money in proportion to buying power, or on an excessive issue of fiduciary money. You'll find it in Chamber's Dictionary along with 150,000 other refs. From all booksellers 20s.

NATURE Cure from the Inside, by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page - a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

FICTION magazines. Back numbers wanted. Hobsbaum, 139 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

ENGLISH Illustrated is the International Journal of Practical English. Read in over 60 countries. Send it to foreign friends with a limited vocabulary: 8s. p.a. P.O. Box 113, 60, Market Street, Watford, Herts.

DEUTSCHES Antiquariat. R. & E. Steiner, 64, Talgarth Road, W. 14. FUL. 7924.

MISCELLANEOUS

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts. Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500, Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recording. Small Hall & Committee Rooms also available. Aply Sec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., London, W.C.1.

BUILT-in furniture specialist. From a single shelf to an entire room. Hogarth Gallery, 16a Hogarth Place, S.W. 5. FRE. 3328.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 14% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details & fees for our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Piertag, Dept. NN., 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

SHIRTS and Pyjamas. Repaired as new. Moderate charges from 2s. 6d. Post your worn garments for free estimate or send for full price list. Joanna & Co. Shirt and Pyjama Makers, Dept. 32, 26 Southbourne Grove, West Southbourne, Bournemouth, Hants.

NOTICE the difference it makes to your meals when you add Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney - from all good grocers.

IN two-ounce airtights, pocket size, Tom Long is every smoker's prize.

CONTACT Lenses. The London Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St. W.1. Bklet. sent.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith and practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

TECHNICAL Research Service. Scientific, Literary Consultants. Specialists research recondite subjects. Dutton's Sec. Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Tel. MUS. 7379.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

AUSTRALIAN National University. Applications are invited for appointment as a Reader or Senior Fellow in Economic Theory, in the Research School of Social Sciences. The salary range for a Reader is £A2,400-£A2,800 per annum; the post is a permanent one. The salary for a Senior Fellow will be determined within the limits £A2,200-£2,650 per annum; the appointment will be for five years in the first instance and may thereafter be made permanent. Reasonable removal expenses will be paid and superannuation on the F.S.S.U. pattern is provided. One year's study leave, with travel allowance will be granted to a Reader, or Senior Fellow, whose appointment has been made permanent, after each five years' service. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in Australia and London is April 6, 1956.

INFORMATION Officer (Temporary) required by Central Office of Information to take charge of computing and tabulating section of Social Survey (Official Research organisation for carrying out sample enquiries). Duties are to advise on appropriate statistical & punch card methods for analysis of Social Survey enquiries and to devise new methods as required. Experience both on research & in statistical and punch fields desirable though candidates with research or punch card experience only will be considered provided they are prepared to learn the other side of the work. Salary, £900 to £1,090 (men), £844 to £968 (women). Write, giving age, full details of qualifications and experience to AB.128, London Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1. No original testimonials shd. be sent.

OXFORD University Delegacy for Social Training. The Delegacy proposes to appoint, from October 1st 1956, a tutor (man or woman) in Social Psychology. As the person appointed will be teaching prospective social workers, it would be an advantage if he or she had active interest in some branch of social work. Qualification in social studies in addition to psychology would also be advantageous. There will be opportunities for research. Salary scale £650 x £50 - £1,100 with membership of F.S.S.U., and children's allowance. Point of entry will depend on qualifications and experience. Applications should be submitted before March 31, 1956, to The Secretary to the Delegates, Barnet House, Wellington Square, Oxford, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

THE Society of Civil Servants invites applications for the post of Assistant Secretary. Negotiating ability and knowledge of Civil Service conditions are essential. Experience of Staff Association work is desirable. The post, subject to satisfactory completion of a period of probation, will be permanent and pensionable. Provision may be made for the reckoning of previous pensionable service in certain circumstances. Scale £725 - £1,220, commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Written applications which should include the names and addresses of three persons to whom reference can be made, should be sent to the General Secretary, Society of Civil Servants, Palace Chambers, Bridge Street, S.W.1., not later than March 31, 1956.

THE Nature Conservancy require a Personal Assistant in the Director-General's office. Good education, fast and accurate shorthand-typing, previous experience desirable. Applications to the Establishment Officer, 19 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. SLoane 3241.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT - continued

THE University of Leeds. Department of Law. Applications are invited for appointment as Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Law at a salary within the range £550-£650 a year according to age, qualifications and experience. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than March 31, 1956.

UNIVERSITY College of Leicester. Applications are invited for the Chair of Philosophy. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications should be sent by March 24. H.B. Martin, Registrar.

MIDDLESEX County Council - Education Committee. Full-time Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. initially for Edmonton Child Guidance Centre. Should hold M.H. Cert. of L.S.E. or approved equivalent. P.T.A. salary. Prescribed conditions. Application form (stmpd. add. f'cap env.) from Borough Education Officer, Education Offices, Brettenham Road, Edmonton, N.18. Returnable by March 23. (Quote S.387 N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE County Council. Gloucestershire Education Committee. Applications are invited for the appointment of Assistant Drama Adviser (man or woman). (Salary in accordance with National Joint Council Scales APT. Grade II). The post is superannuable, subject to medical examination. Further particulars and forms of application from General Secretary, Gloucestershire Community Council, Community House, Gloucester. Guy H. Davis, Clerk of the County Council.

SURREY County Council. Resident Assistant Housemothers required (with or without experience) for children's homes in Surrey. Salary: £320 x £15 - £365 less £108 p.a.emoluments. Application form and further details obtainable on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope from Children's Officer, (H/JHP/286)County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

PERSONNEL Officer required by Granada TV Network, Limited, for their Studios in Manchester. Applicants should preferably be Northerners with experience in Film Studios or similar organisations employing a variety of trades. Applications, giving full particulars, should be addressed to The Personnel Manager, Granada TV Network, Ltd., 36, Golden Square, London, W.1.

NETHERNE Psychiatric Hospital, Coulsden, Surrey. Lady Occupational Therapist reqd. for large active department of 11 Therapists. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with P.T.A. Whitley Council recommendations. Applics. together with the names of 2 referees to the Physician Superintendent.

WOMEN'S University Settlement, 44, Nelson Square, S.E.1. The Council invites applications for the post of resident Warden (woman), duties to begin August or September; opportunities for development of neighbourhood work. Salary £450-£600, initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars from The Chairman, W.U.S. c/o. Bedford College, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

THE British Student Tuberculosis Foundation wishes to appoint a temporary Asst. Secretary/Administrator. Graduate preferred. Ability to type own letters an advantage. Salary within the range £400/700 according to experience. Particulars from Dr. Nicolas Malleson, Hon. Sec., 59 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, London, W.1.

EXCITING and worthwhile work as resident Housemother to deeply disturbed children aged 3-10. Specific training not essential, but candidates should have had previous experience with children and possess enthusiasm, patience and energy. Applications to Secretary, Mid-Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts.

ALL-round man, genuinely interested in education, wanted to help on practical side in London co-educational school. Full/part-time. Good working conditions. Box 2927.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT - continued

PROFESSIONAL trade union requires field organiser mainly concerned with recruitment. Commencing salary £850-£900 p.a. plus expenses. Experience in this field and first-class references essential. Send full details in replying to Box 3091.

WORKERS Travel Association require, May-October, Male Social Leaders (under 35, single) for Family Holiday Camps (not licensed) on East and South Coasts. Organising ability. Interested in people, outdoor activities, modern and oldtime dancing, children, etc. Good mixers. Full particulars (in own handwriting) to W.T.A. Ltd., Eccleston Court, Gillingham Street, London, S.W.1.

TRAVEL Agency requires the following staff to act as their representatives abroad this summer. Applicants should be male, between 24 and 40 and available as follows:- Italian-speaking - May 1-Sept. 23; Spanish-speaking - May 20-Oct. 8; French-speaking - May 20-Sept. 23. Please write age & particulars: Box 3278.

EXPERIENCED English Master (possibly also Latin) with knowledge of child's approach to creative writing wanted in London co-educational school. Scope for independent educ. work in this field. Recog. school; full Burnham; Superannuation. Box 2929.

EXPERIENCED, enthusiastic junior teachers (pref. Froebel) wanted (a) Summer, (b) September for co-ed. London school. Burnham scale. Scope for initiative under pleasant working conditions. Box 2928.

SECRETARY, with knowledge and experience of accounts, interested in social welfare, required by voluntary association. Short hours. £400-£450 p.a. Apply in writing with testimonials to Hampstead Old People's Housing Trust Ltd., 7 Harley Road, N.W.3.

SECRETARY to the Secretary British Drama League. Interesting and responsible position for experienced secretary. Apply in writing to the Secretary, 9 Fitzroy Square, W.1. Mark envelope Personal.

SECRETARY/Personal Assistant reqd. by M.P. & Journalist. Varied and interesting job for woman w. initiative able to work on her own. Competent shorthand-typing essen. Sal. £465. Write with full partics. to Box 3312.

LADY grad. (Arts or Economics), postal college office, London; shorthand-typing, also marking students' papers; good organiser; 28-35; 5-day week; salary £11. Box 2969.

TEMPORARY Work (days, weeks, months) for expd. Secs., Sh/typs., C/typs. and Clks. 10 to 5. No Sats. Top rates. Ring Miss Topham, Duttons Sec. Service, 92 Great Russell Street W.C.1. MUS.7379.

JUNIOR Secretary rqd. in Film Company's London office. Interesting post with gd. prospects. Student just completed training preferred. Starting salary £6. 10s. p.w. No Sats. Box 3314.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore Street, W.1. HUN.9951/2/3.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

SEC. to author, Snowdonia. Shorthand-typing essen. Part-time or willing give some domestic help. Nice cottage; bath, elec. etc. Applicant with family welcomed. Box 2891.

£6-£12. Interesting posts. Call at once. Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke Street W.1. MAYfair 6626.

MATRONS, Housekeepers, Cooks, Secs., Shorthand-typists, Clerks, etc., wanted for schools, colleges, associations, settlements, other institutions. Irene Forster, 66 Marchmont Street, W.C.1. TERminus 8666.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SCOT, bachelor (42) well-educ., good build and appearance, seeks post as Companion-Secretary to gentleman; willing travel abroad, efficient driver; reliable and good character. Interview London. Box 3060.

SEC., highly qualified, many yrs. legal exp. undertakes gen. secretarial/typing work &c. at home. Rapid and accurate results to individual specification. Box 3070.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ROYAL Court. SLOane 1745. Evgs. 8. Sat. 5 & 8. Thurs. 2.30. "The Threepenny Opera". Transferring to Aldwych Theatre March 21.

DUKE of York's. TEM 5122. Evgs.7.30, Sat.5.30 & 8.30. Mat. Th. 2.30. Good Soldier Schweik.

ARTS. TEM 3334. 7.30 (ex. M) Sat. 5, 8.15. "Waltz of the Toreadors". Mems. 10s. 1 yr.

UNITY. Sartre's "Nekrassov". Fri., Sat., Sun. at 7.15. Members only. EUSton 5391.

MARIONETTE Th., Highgate. Perfs. Ev. Sun., 3 p.m. Reservations ARC 6595.

EVERYMAN, HAM 1525. Japanese Film Season. Until March 18: "The Seven Samurai" (X). From March 19: "The Gate of Hell" (A).

ROXY Repertory Cinema, BAY 2345. March 18, "Forbidden Fruit" (X). "Svengali" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT 3232. Sat. March 17, Paul Muni in "The Life of Emile Zola" (U). Dir.: William Dieterle, 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

BRITISH Premiere of a great new Czechoslovak film, "John Huss", story of the leader of the famous Hussite Movement. Magnificent colour, spectacle, drama. Scala Theatre, Sunday, March 18 at 7 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. from British Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont Street, S.W.1.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Sunday afternoon, programmes of Art & documentary films. At 2.30 and 4 p.m. on March 18 and 25, 1956. Printed details sent on application to Curator.

SOVIET films: all colour programme at Scala Theatre, W.1., 7.30 p.m., Tues., March 20. "Cavalier of the Gold Star" & "Bulganin & Krushchov in India". Tickets: 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d. from B.S.F.S., 36, Spencer St., E.C.1.

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1. Ball Dances every Saturday and Sunday from 8 p.m., and has foreign language classes every Tuesday from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For partics., write Secretary or please call at the Club.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League Club Dance, Sat. March 17, 7.30-11 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Tickets 4s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat. Mar. 17, 8-11. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Members 3s. & their guests 5s. Membership invited.

CONCERTS

SUNDAY March 18, Royal Festival Hall at 7.30. London Symphony Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli, Raoul Jobin (tenor). Overture, Egmont - Beethoven; Tallis Fantasia - Vaughan Williams; Poème de l'Amour et de la Mer - Chausson; Symphony No. 4 - Brahms. 15s.-3s.6d. WAT. 3191 and Agents.

MILLICENT Silver. The Goldberg Variations for harpsichord solo. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, Sat. March 17 at 8.15. WAT 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sunday, March 18 at 3 p.m. Quintetto Chigiano, Quintet in C, Boccherini; Piano Quartet in E flat, Mozart; Quintet, Schumann. WATerloo 3191.

NEW Music - Mon. March 19, 7.30 p.m. Arts Council Drawing Room, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Sophie Wyss, Ruth Dyson, John Burden, Yfrah Neaman & Howard Ferguson. Works by Bhatya, Arnold Cooke, Skalkottas, Gerhard, etc.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. Paintings by Maud Sumner, Mar. 6-28, 10-6 p.m.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, Soho, W.1. Paintings by Henry Miller (author of "Tropic of Cancer") daily. 11-6.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: The Work of Curt Herrmann (1854-1929). Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Until March 24. 142 New Bond Street, W.1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Recent paintings by Jacob Bornfriend & Bernard Dunstan.

ADAMS Gallery, 24 Davies St., W.1. Paintings by Roger Montane. Until March 29. 10-12.30.

I.C.A., 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Willi Baumeister Memorial Exhibition. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS - continued

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Admission Free.

AN Exhibition in aid of the United Appeal for the Blind. "Portraits & Prints". Ardizzone, Buhler, Darwin, Fedden, Fitzgerald, Grant, Edwin & Joan La Dell, Maltby, Mosley, Reade, Rooke, Rothenstein & Trevelyan. Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Until March 23. Mon.-Fri. 10-5.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Josef Herman, an exhibition of paintings and drawings, 1940-1956. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mons. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue, March 4-April 30. S.E. London Group.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. "The Seasons", C.A.S. Exhibition at the Tate Gallery, Mar. 1 until April 15.

EXHIBITION of Children's Books from 25 countries organised by the International Youth Library, Munich, at the National Book League, 7, Albemarle Street, London, W.1. from March 8 to 25, daily 10 - 6.30. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. First London Exhibition, Michel Ciry - Paintings and drawings. Opens March 7.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Alan Reynolds "The Four Seasons". 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes March 24.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Sculpture by Fred J. Kormis. Paintings by Harold Wood.

ARCHITECTURE in Australia. R.I.B.A., 66, Portland Place, W.1. Til March 24. Mon.-Fri., 10-7, Saturday, 10-5. Admission free.

LECTURES & MEETINGS

I.C.A., 17, Dover St., W.1. Wed. March 21, 8.15. Illus. lecture "The Schizoid Element in Normal Life" by Dr. John Layard. Chairman: Dr. G.M. Carstairs. Members 1s. 6d., guests 3s. Thurs. March 22, 8.15. Poetry of the 'Fifties, selected and arranged by John Wain. Readers Anthony Jacobs, Mary Wimbush. Members 1s. 6d., guests 3s. Membership invited.

NEW Trends in Soviet Policy: Questions & Answers by Rev. Stanley Evans, Andrew Rothstein & Pat Sloan. (Chair: John Platts-Mills) Conway Hall, W.C.1. 7.30 Fri. Mar. 23. Tkts: 1s. S.S.F.S. 36 Spencer St., E.C.1.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High Street, W.8. Sunday, March 18, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m., H.J. Blackham: "Dusty Answers".

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Wed. Mar. 21, 6.30 Public Lect.: "Selves", R. Percheron. Read "The Middle Way" - 2s. 6d. quarterly. Information EUS 7770. Buddha Jubilee Year begins 24.5.56.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8. Sat. March 24, 6 p.m. Mme. Michelle-André (La Française): "Legendes, Jeux et Traditions de Noel en Provence".

JEWISH Music - Lecture by Paul Hamburger. A.I. Club, 43 Gt. Windmill St., W.1. Mon. Mar. 19, 8 p.m. Arr. by Zionist Federation.

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Friday Mar. 23, 8.30. Senor Francisco Casanovas, Principal, Calcutta School of Music, "Indian Music". 62 Queens Gdns., off Leinster Terrace.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc., 765 Finchley Road, N.W.11., nr. Regal Cin., Golders Green. Bruce Wavell "Scientific Basis of Religion" Sunday, March 18 at 7.15.

PERSONALIST Group. Public lecture at Conway Hall, March 20, 7.30 p.m. Dr. John Lewis on "Report on Sartre".

YUGA. Talk at Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, W.1. Sat. March 24. 2.30. "The Desire for Fulfilment." Arr. Shanti Sadan.

EAST-West. Can they meet? World Government Answer. Clement Davies, Jim Pitman, M.P., Henry Usborne, M.P., Gilbert McAllister. Conway Hall, Holborn, Wed. March 21. Doors open 6.30. Reserved seats 2s.6d., apply Parliamentary Assoon. for World Government, 21 Hampstead Lane, N.6. FIT. 0088.

LECTURES & MEETINGS - continued

PUSHKIN Club. 24 Kensington Pk. Gdns., W.11. PAR 7379. Fri. Mar. 16 8 p.m. Russian Films (Folk Tales: Nature). Fri. Mar. 23 8 p.m. Rev. V. Rodzianko, "Russian Startzi (Elders)".

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "Insecurity", Dr. A.R. Redfern, Thurs. March 22, 7.30 p.m. punctually. Friends' House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Non-members 2s.

NATURAL Treatment of Migraine. A. Jenner. March 19, Caxton Hall. S.W.1., 7.29 p.m. London Natural Health Society 3rd Monday each month. Non-members 2s.

FRIDAY Discussion Group, South Pl., Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C. 1. Fri. March 23, at 7.30 p.m. in the Library. Cedric Dover. "Science & Peace." Adm. Free.

PROGRESS in Zoological Studies in U.S.S.R. & Eastern Europe. Lecture by Dr. D.R. Newth Dept. of Zoology, University College. Monday, March 19, 6.30 p.m. Collet's Gallery, 45, Museum Street, London, W.C. 1.

LECTURE COURSES & SPECIALISED TRAINING

HANDICAPPED Children. A week-end school on this vitally important subject will be held at "Hollybank", the L.C.S. Residential Education Centre, 117 Hornsey Lane, London, N.6. on March 24-25, 1956. The course, which is open to all adult members of London Co-operative Society will examine the different kinds and degrees of handicap, and the education, treatment and training provided. There will be a nominal charge of 7s. 6d. per person for meals and overnight accommodation. Full details can be obtained from: The Education Secretary, London Co-operative Society Ltd., 34 Tavistock Square, W.C. 1.

ARCHAEOLOGY: weekend introductory course (with field excursion), Apr. 6 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

LONDON University and other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for General Certificate of Education (for Entrance Faculty requirements, or Direct entry to Degree), Inter. & Final Exams. for B.A., B.Sc. B.Sc. Econ., B.Sc. Soc., LL.B., and Diplomas, G.C.E. (all levels, all other Examining Bodies) Law. Prosp. from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

EQUALITY of Opportunity - one year residential course in liberal subjects for women (20-30) who missed their chances in education and wish to continue their studies, for personal satisfaction or as opening to a new career. Grants available; no examinations. Details from Secretary (NS) Hillcroft College Surbiton, Surrey.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63, Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W. 14. (Tel. PARk 8392.)

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for G.C.E., Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prospectus from C.D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2, Arkwright Rd., N.W. 3. New courses April 12. Day/residential students. Canteen.

EVENING classes in drawing & painting offered by Amer. artist. For parties, please write C. Williams, 49 Colet Gdns., W. 14.

FOREIGN Languages. New term private & class tuition daily 9 a.m.-9 p.m. London Schools for Languages. 20/21 Princes St., Hanover Sq. W.1. MAY 2120.

TYPEWRITING. Touch-typing in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLAxman 7967.

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